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LORD SALISBURY AT GLASGOW.

THERE has been little sign either at Glasgow or elsewhere during the present week of the weariness which some persons feel or pretend to feel at the discussions on Mr. GLADSTONE's claim to cut the Second Chamber, whenever he chooses, out of the English Constitution. Lord SALISBURY's visit to Scotland would in any case have revived the public interest in the matter, and Lord SALISBURY's visit to Scotland has coincided with a fresh turn of the general question. The anxiety shown by all parties except the extreme Radical Left for a compromise in the shape of the production of the Redistribution Bill, independently of its own interest, has produced a very remarkable correspondence. It is not necessary to comment at any length on the manner of Mr. JOHN MORLEY's communication to the *Times* at the end of last week. The heavy hand of Lord BRAMWELL has done justice in that respect, and it would be cruel to follow up the knout with the cat-o'-nine-tails. Mr. MORLEY's well-wishers, who are not few, must once more regret the spendthrift rapidity with which he is getting through a reputation amassed during many years of honourable literary work. But the matter of his letter was at least as unfortunate as the manner. His learned and vigorous executioner has pointed out the singularly bad compliment which Mr. MORLEY pays to the leaders of his party by suggesting that they might lay one Bill on the table in the autumn and proceed with another in the spring. It must be left to those leaders to fight out the question of their own claims to the possession of common honesty with their too ardent disciple; but Mr. MORLEY added one more to the strange list of Radical paralogisms on this occasion by insisting on the illusory character of the security demanded by the House of Lords. For, if the security be so illusory, how is it that the Government is so reluctant to grant it? The Duke of ARGYLL's letter, which appeared on the same day as Lord BRAMWELL's, was as important a document as has yet been published on the subject, and it may be said to have been final as a vindication of the Tory Peers from the idle charges of insincerity, of unconstitutional procedure, and of unreasonable demands. Any examination by a competent person which takes account of the arguments against these charges can indeed be nothing else but a vindication. Once stated, these arguments admit of no reply. The cause, as Lord SALISBURY says, and most truly says, is so good that the adversary finds it necessary to pass over the arguments of its defenders altogether. Sometimes the adversary is bold enough to admit that he does this; but, whether admitting it or not, he always does it.

Lord SALISBURY, therefore, when he began to speak on Wednesday had before him no few signs, and those signs very cheering, that the roar and the foam of the last two months have not swept away the solid rock of argument on which his position is built; but, on the contrary, that its solidity has become apparent to not a few who once failed to perceive it. He showed good military instinct in attacking the weakest part of the enemy's position first. It is true that, except in the numbers of its motley garrison, that position is weak everywhere; but it is especially weak in reference to the status and rights of the House of Lords. The motley of Mr. GLADSTONE's followers is itself nowhere more strongly illustrated than in this very point. Between the enders of the House of Lords, and the menders of the House of Lords, and the *tiers parti*,

who insist that the House of Lords is, as it is, a most venerable, a most valuable, and a most at-any-price-to-be-retained institution, if only it will do nothing that justifies its existence, common action, except in abuse, is impossible. In the whole of the Opposition leader's vigorous attack there was nothing better than his positive and downright disclaimer of compliance with the wishes of this *tiers parti*. Nothing more mischievous, nothing more destructive to national welfare, can be conceived than the acceptance of the new status for the Upper Chamber, by advocating which some Liberals seem desirous to patch up a further term of hollow alliance with Radicalism. Of its effect on the House of Lords itself Lord SALISBURY has left little to be said, but its effect on English politics generally would be even worse. Already—now that the strength of the Tory argument is being reluctantly acknowledged—voices are being heard to the effect that perhaps the argument is strong, but that nothing matters which bears on the merits of the question, and that everything ought to be forgotten in the desire to restrain an insolent aristocracy from tyrannizing over the English nation. What follows! At any time when a Minister has any object particularly at heart, but is uncertain of carrying the country with him, he has but to frame his project in such a manner as to excite resistance in the House of Lords; and, according to the Radical argument, the merits of his proposal need no examination. It is sufficient that the House of Lords opposes; the cause is decided. With the semi-paralysed House which some Liberals seem to wish for—not nominally deprived of any rights, but with rights constantly cribbed and curtailed by an understanding that they are not to be used to-day in matters of franchise; to-morrow, perhaps, in matters of local finance, the next day in something else—the Second Chamber would become worse than a nonentity. It would become the positively mischievous nonentity that foolish hotheads pronounce it to be now—an instrument good only for evil, and certain to be used for evil by every unscrupulous Minister.

Lord SALISBURY's silence on Wednesday as to the plans of so-called compromise has been the subject of solemn regret on the part of some of those moderate persons whose moderation consists in capitulating to the first pressure of the extremists and the subject of probably not very genuine exultation on the part of some of the extremists themselves. It seems to be forgotten, first that Wednesday night by no means closed the series of Lord SALISBURY's utterances in Scotland, and secondly, that what is called his silence was in fact vocal and eloquent enough. The Peers are only pledged not to pass the Franchise Bill without knowing what the Redistribution Bill is to be, and this pledge leaves it for the other side to approach them with terms. Their acceptance of the extension of the franchise—in itself a measure as to the wisdom of which a large majority of them probably have very grave doubts—in deference to an apparent consensus of opinion is, in itself, as the Duke of ARGYLL very justly suggests, a concession on their part, and a great one. As to the rest of their position, almost all independent Liberals of weight, and even some Ministerial Liberals in unguarded moments, have admitted more or less frankly that it is in itself a reasonable contention. Nay, some of the very Radicals who are clamouring for the destruction of the House of Lords have practically implied this admission in their express avowal that the occasion of the interference of that House is not what infuriates them, but the power of the House to interfere at all. This being the case, it is not to be expected

that Lord SALISBURY, whatever indications of peaceful intentions he may think proper to give, should appear on a platform at Glasgow with a cut-and-dried offer of terms in his hand. He has not, as Mr. GLADSTONE practically has, the proxies of a submissive House in his pocket; he does not possess the ear of the Sovereign as Mr. GLADSTONE quite legitimately and constitutionally possesses it; the programme of the Autumn Session is not for him to draw up. An Opposition in the House of Lords which happens to be in a majority has the amplest right to say "this and this" will not do"; but it is no part of its duty to prescribe to the responsible Minister of the day what will do in all its details. Mr. GLADSTONE, it is very well known, is fond of devolving responsibility in this way on the House of Commons, and he has by means of it got out of not a few scrapes which would have cost other Ministers their place. But there can be no conceivable reason why the House of Lords should accept a similar position. Lord SALISBURY, who has manifested a clearer conception of the proper position of the Upper House in the present day than any other prominent politician on either side who has taken part in this controversy, is not likely to mistake that position in this particular respect; and, if he should by this time have thrown out, or should hereafter throw out, any indications of a line of agreement, it will most assuredly be by way of suggestion merely. A brake is not a steering-wheel; and it is by no means improbable that great part of the foolish wrath that has been manifested towards the House of Lords has arisen from a simple confusion of the powers they claim with powers which they do not. Among the more innocent part of the Ministerial faction this confusion has been evident from the first; and it is not the least merit of the speech of Wednesday that it does yeoman's service in clearing it away. For some time past there has been a notable decrease of the frantic language which not long since held up the Lords as a kind of English *Untori*, a sort of modern *Hermocypides* who have practised hideous and horrible crimes against the British Constitution and the British people. It has already been recognized that their action is not unreasonable in itself; it will perhaps be recognized before long that it is actually supported by a great part, if not the greater part, of those whom the Constitution itself empowers to approve or condemn.

THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER.

WHEN the snow has cleared off, and the Russian Government has settled its hesitations, the Afghan Frontier Commission will, no doubt, set about what is called its work. The fears which have been expressed for the English expedition are natural, but probably much exaggerated. It is never quite safe to travel in Afghanistan, and the representative of a Christian Power is likely to be in particular danger. The native tribes have very good grounds for believing that the presence of European officers surveying their country, taking notes, and allotting territory bodes no good to their independence. They will do all they safely can to thwart the foreigner; but without the help, or at least the encouragement, of the AMERIS, their opposition can hardly go beyond causing annoyance. Unless ABDURRAHMAN eggs on the tribesmen to a general attack, they will probably remain in a state of sulky acquiescence; and he can have no motive to do anything of the kind. He must know that, when the Government of India undertakes to settle his frontier, it is giving him a tacit guarantee by which he has nothing to lose. If he does not need a security of this kind, it would be because he is strong enough to define and protect his frontier for himself; and in that case the Commission would be entirely superfluous. It is said that the Afghans have a contempt for the Sepoys, who form the greater part of Sir PETER LUMSDEN's guard. This feeling is probably genuine, and it may lead some chief on the look-out for booty or here and there a stray fanatic to make an attack on the escort; but in that case the assailant is likely to find that under English officers the Sepoys are perfectly capable of protecting the expedition. Failure, if there is to be immediate failure, is more likely to be caused by the Russian Government than by the Afghans. It is characteristic of all our dealings with Russia in Central Asia that it does not seem to be quite sure yet that the Government of the CZAR is really going to send a proper representative to meet the English Commissioner. If it at last does so, there can be no doubt that the

main business of the English Commission will be to watch and check their European rival. Under all the diplomatic courtesies proper to these occasions there is a perfectly distinct understanding that England is preparing against a dangerous Russian advance, and that Russia may be trusted to see that her hands are not tied too tight. As the aggressor, it is obviously not the interest of Russia to forward the settlement of the Afghan frontier. That Government is not wont to allow itself to be unduly hampered by diplomatic promises, but it cannot love breaking its word from a merely artistic joy in dishonesty. We may therefore take it for granted that, though the CZAR's Ministers may not kill the Frontier Commission (we do not suspect them of wishing to kill the Commissioner), they will not put themselves out of their way to keep it alive.

Even, however, if the Russian Government meets Sir PETER LUMSDEN half-way, he will none the less be engaged on a wild-goose chase. The mere statement of the objects of the Commission ought to be enough to show its inevitable futility. It is sent to discover and define the borders of a State which lies between two incomparably greater Powers. The good to be gained by this inquisition and definition is the stopping of one of these two Powers in a course of conquest which has advanced without pause for several generations. The historical speculator who undertook to make planks out of sawdust and the imaginary inventors of Laputa were not employed on a more impracticable undertaking. A State which requires the help of third parties to find out its frontier does not deserve the name. If it had the most moderate degree of cohesion and vigour, it would long ago have drawn its own boundary with the sword. There is, however, no need to prove that Afghanistan is only a geographical expression. If it were not, Sir PETER LUMSDEN would never have been sent with an escort to mark out its place on the map. But we are asking something from Afghanistan which no mere geographical expression can give. We look to it to act as a barrier between ourselves and Russia, and the English Commissioners are starting on the hopeful undertaking of trying to give it vitality and power to fight for itself by the mechanical process of marking coloured lines on a sheet of paper. Russian promises have hitherto been made to be broken, and yet the British and Indian Governments seem to hope that by using a new adjective or two, and coining here and there a fresh phrase, they can bind it by words in the future. This, however, is a folly of which the wildest partisan rancour can scarcely suppose them capable. Everybody knows very well, and the members of the present Government as well as anybody, that when the Commissioner has drawn an Afghan frontier line, that line will be respected for just as long as the English Government is prepared to defend it by war and for not one day longer. With that certainty before our eyes, it does seem extraordinary at least to some of us that any Ministry should think it necessary to send an English General with an escort at great expense and some risk to do surveying work in a desert inhabited by quarrelsome savages. It would be cheaper and much more manly to say at once that an advance of a European force beyond certain lines of longitude and latitude would be considered an act of war by England. There are, however, some very obvious reasons why that cannot be done. It would be impossible, if only because a great Power like Russia could always plead the humiliation of leaving its borders at the mercy of raiders.

Russia will not, and indeed cannot, stop till it has reached a well-defined border under the control of some State sufficiently strong to keep order, and prepared to exercise its power. On the side of Afghanistan it is self-evident that the only Government answering this description is the Government of India. Up to the present the English rulers of India have been very naturally unwilling to face the disagreeable novelty of the immediate neighbourhood of a European Power. It would have been vastly more convenient if the Russians had stopped short at the Caspian, or even at Samarcand. As a matter of fact they did not stop, and perhaps could not stop. They are now, if not within striking distance of the North-West frontier, at least so near that every movement of their armies produces a disturbance which is felt all over the peninsula. In short, we have got so close that the time seems coming when the only solution of the difficulty will be that we should come closer still. The policy of keeping the borders far apart has proved an entire failure, as indeed it might have been foreseen from the first that it would. Russia has advanced, and is advancing. War only would

make it pause, and in the course of the fight the neutral zone, to borrow a phrase which has become tediously familiar in the course of the French and Chinese dispute, would infallibly disappear. It would seem to be time to accept General SKOBELEFF'S view that the sooner England and Russia meet in Afghanistan the better, to which we may add as a corollary of our own that it will be entirely our fault if the advantages of position are not on our side. Of course this means a partition of Central Asia, and very possibly of other countries with it if the settlement is to be permanent, and that is a thing altogether repugnant to the souls of people who believe in moral barriers and who have sat at the feet of O. K. Still, to those who have not the advantage of this faith and this training, the measure seems to be recommended by various considerations. We cannot stop Russia except by war, or make war without a battle-field. We cannot deprive the Russian generals of an excuse for aggression except by keeping order on the Afghan frontier ourselves. Moreover, when once a clear boundary is laid down, we should be rid of the perpetual alarms and wrangles which are the natural result of the present half-defined position. A distinguished lawyer once declared that understandings were the cause of ninety-nine law-suits out of a hundred. There are ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that an understanding with Russia to spare Afghanistan would mean war; and, if the initiative is left to Russian statesmen, the fight will come when they have the advantage of the ground. A few years ago we threw away a position which might easily have been made impregnable. To take it again, with as much more as seemed needful, and leave the rest to Russia, would probably be found the best of all ways to quiet the Afghan frontier.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

THERE is no reason to regret the delay of a few months in the federation of the Australian Colonies. The Government of New South Wales has protested against the undue hurry with which some of the neighbouring provinces applied for the assent of the Imperial Legislature in the form of an enabling Bill. The proposal of the scheme was an afterthought suggested by special circumstances, when the Ministers of the several Colonies happened to have met at Sydney for an entirely different purpose. In answer to representations of the danger to be apprehended from the immigration of French convicts, and after the announcement of the premature and abortive annexation of New Guinea by the Queensland Government, Lord DERBY decided that none of the proposed measures could be adopted until the Colonies had agreed among themselves on some form of common organization. The reasons of his decision have not been publicly explained, and it was thought possible that his real motive was a desire to postpone definite action by imposing an impracticable condition. The immediate acceptance by the Colonial Ministers of Lord DERBY'S suggestion caused some reasonable surprise. It had, indeed, always seemed probable that the Australian provinces would at some future time follow the example of America and Canada; but the colonists had been slow to follow the counsels of their volunteer advisers. New South Wales and Victoria have frequently been engaged in petty squabbles arising from their opposite systems of commercial policy. All the Colonies had recently approved the settlement attempted by Queensland by its own authority on the coast of New Guinea. The establishment or extension of the French penal settlements in the South Pacific appears to have overcome the previous disinclination to the formation of a Confederacy.

The assembled Ministers, not content with an immediate assent to the principle of union, proceeded to discuss and settle an elaborate scheme for the constitution and government of the Australian Federation. The result of their labours was a symmetrical and plausible instrument which may perhaps hereafter become the charter of a great and united political community; but it was improbable that so hasty an arrangement should be permanent and final. The Ministers, having of course in the circumstances no constituent powers, could only pass resolutions *ad referendum*, nor was it sufficient that each member of the Ministerial Congress should afterwards obtain the sanction of his own colleagues and of his local Parliament. Unanimity among all the Australian Colonies was an indispensable, though perhaps an unexpressed, condition of any possible

measure. It by no means followed from an acceptance of a complete system of federation that any colony would be bound to form a separate union with one or more of its neighbours. The experiment of a provisional plan of confederation succeeded better than could have been expected. Victoria, Queensland, West Australia, South Australia, and Tasmania have by vote of their respective Legislatures agreed to submit to the Imperial Government a scheme of union which is practically the same with that of the Ministerial Congress at Sydney. The oldest, and perhaps the greatest, of the Colonies has postponed the consideration of the subject; and it is not yet known whether New Zealand is prepared to join the proposed Confederation.

The Imperial Government seems to have assumed that the approving majority of the Australian Colonies represented the whole. Lord DERBY has, in accordance with his former intimation, almost formally pledged himself to the annexation of a large portion of New Guinea; and Mr. GLADSTONE gave notice of an enabling Bill to authorize the intended federation. The Bill shared the fate of other Government measures; and it will certainly not be reproduced in the coming Session. It now appears that, with their habitual infelicity, the Ministers have given offence to New South Wales, which has some reason to complain of ill-judged neglect. The Prime Minister of the Colony probably presided at the Sydney Congress; and there is no reason to suppose that he dissented from the conclusions of his colleagues; but the local Parliament, though it may possibly not disapprove of the projected union, has had matters to discuss which were regarded as more urgent. Until a pending Land Bill is passed or rejected, the Government and Legislature of New South Wales profess not to have leisure to consider the question of federation. They are less eager to proceed with the business because they hold, with some reason, that they have been treated with less than due courtesy, both by the other Colonies and by the Imperial Government. Mr. STUART, Prime Minister of New South Wales, has addressed to the Government of Victoria a formal protest against the premature introduction of Mr. GLADSTONE'S enabling Bill. As he justly says, federation without New South Wales would not be truly Australian; and he properly claims for his Government and Legislature the fullest freedom in deciding whether to sanction or reject the proposals of the Sydney Convention.

He might, if it had been necessary, have strengthened his protest by more than one conclusive argument. The position of a single colony which maintained its separate independence would be greatly affected by the union of the rest. It may be added that New South Wales is, with the exception of Queensland, more immediately liable than the other Colonies to the dangers of convict immigration. The measures which are to be taken for the prevention of the mischief ought certainly to be taken with the assent and concurrence of the community which is so deeply interested in the matter. An organic measure which will probably exercise an influence over the whole future history of the Australian continent and islands ought to be fully considered, even when it appears at first sight unobjectionable and plausible. The hesitation of one of the principal Colonies is on this ground in itself an advantage. A newspaper correspondent who writes from Melbourne sneers at the offended dignity of the older Colony, which, as he truly says, appears in every line of Mr. STUART'S reasonable protest. Jealousy for the honour of a State which he governs is not an unbecoming quality in a Minister; and it might have been thought that the sensitive politicians of Victoria would not be inclined to censure too severely even an extreme susceptibility. It is at least as necessary that New South Wales should claim a voice in determining the future Constitution of Australia as that imaginary encroachments on the privilege of self-government should be vigilantly checked. By the enabling Bill, as it was drawn, any four colonies would have power to bring the federal scheme into operation. As more than the necessary number have already assented, the union would have been nominally completed by this time, to the exclusion of New South Wales, but for the domestic difficulties which impeded the legislation of the Imperial Parliament. The flippant suggestion that New South Wales may at its pleasure remain independent furnishes no answer to Mr. STUART'S remonstrance. The relations of a partial union to the proposed settlement in New Guinea, and the legislation which may be necessary against foreign convicts, were the matters which principally render federation necessary or expedient. The union of four or five Colonies, including some of the more insignificant

communities, would not meet the difficulties which have been felt or apprehended.

The alarm which was caused by the French project of transportation to the Pacific settlements appears to have partially subsided. In its present temper the French Government is not likely to make friendly concessions to England; but M. FERRY and his colleagues may perhaps have reflected on the obvious impolicy of converting the whole Australian population into irreconcilable enemies, and of cementing by the same process their union with the British Empire. The Transportation Bill has not been withdrawn; but it has been intimated that administrative discretion will be exercised in the dispatch and selection of convicted emigrants. The Australians have on their side not lately reasserted the untenable pretension of establishing in the Southern Ocean a kind of MONROE doctrine. The dangers which they apprehended may to a great extent be averted by domestic legislation. The Colonies have the power of making and executing laws for the exclusion of foreign settlers who are not provided with sufficient certificates of character. Fugitives who may from time to time escape from the French islands will be at once known by their appearance and language. Less discreditable immigrants may be excluded from the Colonies, if it is thought necessary, though there is little risk of their forming or joining gangs of marauders. French criminals cannot, like the English convicts of former times, bring general discredit on a community from which they will be sharply distinguished. Other reasons for federation may be considered at leisure. Any Bill to effect the object ought to be conditional on the concurrence of all the greater Colonies. The Imperial Government has so little interest in the matter that Lord DERBY would perhaps have acted with sounder judgment if he had waited for a proposal of confederation to be made by the Colonies. A corresponding measure failed altogether in South Africa when it was officially recommended by Lord CARNARVON. The difference of tariffs may perhaps be as fatal to Lord DERBY's proposal as the jealousies and rivalries of the South African Colonies and Republics to the policy of his predecessor.

FIRST CLASS AT SEA.

WE have heard so much of the luxurious fittings of ocean steamers that we have gradually got accustomed to the idea that these gorgeous tables must be habitually covered with the choicest viands, and that these velvet cabins are replete with "every convenience for sickness and death." Mr. STILLMAN is apparently of a different opinion. He has written already, we believe, to the American papers on the subject, and now he writes to the *Times*. His complaint is briefly that the present management of Transatlantic steamers is based on the principle that people have no business to be sea-sick: and that, if they are, they merit no more consideration than imbeciles. All the arrangements are made for people who are never sick. He objects, first, that the cabins are all towards the stern of the ship. This is scarcely correct. Cabins amidships and cabins forward of the engines are almost the rule in the newer patterns of steamers. One large ship, the *Austral*, which ran between Liverpool and New York during the past season, has the steerage passengers literally in the steerage, and the first-class passengers forward and amidships. To old sailors this arrangement, which is not, however, absolutely novel, is extremely disagreeable and unshipshape. It is nevertheless gradually prevailing, and a few years hence this part of Mr. STILLMAN's complaint will have been remedied. There are prejudices against the new arrangement, as we have said, and in a voyage across the Atlantic it is open to many objections. The first-class passengers are exposed on a hurricane-deck to the full fury of the elements, and when the vessel ships a sea, as even the largest will, it falls first on them. Forward cabins are certainly cooler than stern cabins, but in the Atlantic this is seldom an advantage. But the arrangement of the cabins is the smallest part of Mr. STILLMAN's complaint. "I recently crossed the Atlantic," he says, "in one of the finest ships afloat, but on which the food was almost uneatable, so that I was often unable to satisfy my appetite." He had recourse, he tells us, to bread and cheese and to coffee and tea. He has just cause for displeasure, as he is one of those rare and happy people who, not being subject to sea-sickness, has always a good appetite while on a voyage. The food on board the Atlantic steamers with which he is acquainted is sometimes of a character such as no hotel-keeper would think of

putting before his guests. Furthermore he objects to the table-d'hôte system. Although, as he justly observes, sea-sickness is more or less ludicrous to those who do not suffer, it is exceedingly distressing to those who do; and much of their misery might be avoided if passengers were allowed to eat when and what they like, and not at a common table; and especially to have good and appetizing food, which on board a steamer is rare. Any traveller can bear him out when he asserts that enormous quantities of meat are thrown away and lost. Bad cooking conspires with stale vegetables and tough meat to make a greasy and unwholesome mess, from which even a strong stomach ashore would shrink; and it is served with all the formality and wearisome length of a City banquet. Not long ago a company sat down in a first-class mail steamer, and the dinner consisted mainly of tripe and cowheel, backed up with boiled and roast pork. This has been reported as a fact, and might be matched with many more. No wonder the brave ladies, and many men too, who sit down to such victuals, rise very soon, none the better, but much the worse, for the attempt.

No one who has voyaged often can hesitate to agree in part with Mr. STILLMAN's views. The remedy is not so easily found as he might expect. In the first place, a really good man-cook is not easily induced to go to sea. We have heard of some on the great Australian lines; but in those steamers, owing to their freezing chambers, the conditions are different, and the weather encountered is still more so. The trans-Atlantic course is a continual Bay of Biscay. The position of a sea cook is never a happy one in a gale of wind, and the American voyage is often made wholly in rough water. With the galley fire flying about, or perhaps drowned out, it is almost impossible for the cooking to be refined. The best cookery at sea should be as plain as possible. In some of the ships which we have mentioned the delighted voyager gets hot soda scones for breakfast, and also porridge; and plain roast and boiled meat at dinner. There is a possibility of enjoying life, even if you are a little squeamish, when what fare you can eat is plain and good. But Mr. STILLMAN's plan, by which a passenger could ask for what he likes at any hour he likes, would cause dire confusion in, say, a gale of wind, with perhaps a hundred passengers or more in the first saloon. Of course, in some churlishly-managed lines there is no feeding allowed, except by the doctor's orders, between the regular meal-times. As in some such lines a doctor is only partially paid by the Company, and must ask for fees, a cup of beef-tea has been known to cost a guinea—a cup of beef-tea so greasy that the patient could not touch it. This is an extreme case, it is true, but shows the possibilities of the present system. It is also to be remarked that the worst sea-cooks are the most ambitious. It is they who send up wonderful *menus* full of fine French names, who teach the stewards to talk glibly of the vol au vent and the poulet sauté, and who do not know how to boil a potato or grill a chop. Of course the dishes with the fine names are worse than uneatable, being often nauseating; but, if a complaint is made to the managers of one of these ships, the answer given is always that a passenger who does not like a vol au vent or a poulet sauté is not a passenger whose opinion can be worth minding. In some of the Liverpool lines a system prevails by which the captain of the ship contracts for the feeding of the passengers. Naturally he wishes to make what profit he can, and mistakenly thinks he can do it by skimping the cuisine. The good food spoiled by a bad cook is in reality a loss to him, and the difference would pay a good one. But, as a rule, the feeding is bad in a ship managed in this way. If a passenger inquires a little beforehand into the management of the line he proposes to travel by, he will probably find it easy enough to get eatable food at sea. One extensive traveller reports that he never was well fed in a steamer managed on the system we have just indicated except once, and that was when the captain was to be married on reaching home, and had the object of his affections and her mother on board. Then, indeed, it was a continual banquet.

In foreign steamers the food is much better than in most of the English ships. Thus in the great Messageries line not only is the cooking excellent, plain, and simple, but wine at table is provided free of extra charge. In ancient times the Peninsular and Oriental line did the same, to the marked diminution of "nipping at the bar"; but the plan has long been given up. Of course no two French or German ships are quite alike in respect of food; but the average character of it is very far above that of English ships. In some, however, there is a feature which would not accord with the

habits of most Atlantic voyagers. There are only two "square meals" a day. True, they are very good ones, and there is no difficulty in obtaining anything in reason, such as an egg, an omelette, or a cutlet, between times. For this extra, however, the traveller has to pay, and the system does not seem unreasonable. Perhaps some of the American lines may take the hint. The first which does so will profit by it; but the fact is that nine out of ten of the people who cross the Atlantic think more of the speed of the engines than of anything else. The foreign traveller, on the other hand, is seldom in a hurry, and thinks a good deal of his comfort. On some of the Messageries steamers there are no cabins for more than two passengers each, and a whole cabin is to be secured by a single person at a very moderate extra fee. Some of the newer ships of the P. and O. and the Orient lines have single-berth cabins which, of course, are let at an advanced rate. In some of the foreign ships the captain is really only the figure-head or ornament. The English engineer is the real commander; and the captain may devote his energies to looking after the bodily comfort of himself and his passengers. He probably neglects the longitude, but draws up the daily bill of fare, and as long as you are in smooth water all goes well. But it is seldom, indeed, that the course of regular meals, bad as they may be, is interrupted on an English ship; whereas in a French, but above all in an Italian, steamer, if it is at all rough, no meals are served. The cook, perhaps, is ill; perhaps is frightened. The stewards dare not approach the galley, or if they reached it in safety, could not possibly get back carrying a dish. These are little matters which affect the comfort of the traveller. Better, perhaps, to live on porridge and bread and cheese, and get them regularly, than have good French cooking and wine, and have occasionally to go fasting altogether for twenty-four hours.

EGYPT.

THE report of Lord WOLSELEY's approaching return, though startling, is too destitute of confirmation at the moment to deserve much comment. The expedition no doubt could do as well without Lord WOLSELEY as with him; but it may perhaps be doubted whether it would be allowed to do as well. Thus his recall would be another sign of future oscillation and of half measures. As a thing dubiously asserted and stoutly denied it may be let alone for the present.

The remarkable history of the siege of Khartoum which the *Times* was able to publish at the beginning of this week illustrates on a larger scale and in a more striking manner the same lesson as the too-much-forgotten sieges of the disgraceful Transvaal War—the lesson that no English Ministry, however cowardly and clumsy, has yet been able to take the spirit out of Englishmen. A feeling of hearty satisfaction may be permitted to the least emotional person who reads Mr. POWER's despatches. The Three Men of Khartoum had indeed more *matériel* at their disposal than men in similar plight have sometimes had, but the record itself shows how thoroughly untrustworthy was the *morale* of their troops. A little too much rashness might have been at least as fatal as a little too little stubbornness, and until General GORDON is wholly delivered from his position of having one combatant and one non-combatant to represent his whole trustworthy staff, officers, and rank and file, it is, as has been remarked often enough, impossible to pronounce him safe. The account ought to have had at least one effect—to make the supporters of the present Ministry blush brick-red. But the patriotic conscience of the true Gladstonian is seared with a hot iron, and it is probable that there are Ministerialists who have already discovered that the Government has now been proved to have taken every possible step for General GORDON's safety by leaving him alone for some months, by suffering every near place of refreshment and support to be overpowered, and by literally putting into the hands of the rebels in Mr. CUZZI's person a pledge and evidence that no help from England was to be expected.

We know from this news that Khartoum was safe at the end of July, and we know from later but not quite so definite or trustworthy news, that since that time General GORDON has changed his long and signally successful defensive into an offensive hardly less successful. But it is difficult to say that this knowledge makes the work of the relief expedition much more definite, or even in any real

sense much easier; and it cannot be too often pointed out that in definiteness, ease itself is, after a fashion, contained. At present it may be that Lord WOLSELEY and the Cabinet know what the former is going to do; it may be doubted whether any one else knows. The preparations hitherto are very like those which CARLYLE enumerates in his immortal description of COLERIDGE's manner of argument. We are accumulating all sorts of the most elaborate, and no doubt valuable apparatus for the undertaking, but what the undertaking is going to undertake remains a mystery. Already not a few casualties have occurred, and it would be idle to suppose that more will not occur. But whether the casualties, as well as the neat clinker-built boats and the medical comfort-chests, are going to have no other result than a sail up the Nile and down again, no man seems able to say. If that is to be their result, there will probably be not a few Englishmen who will, in by no means the Gladstonian sense, become converts to the Gladstonian policy of letting General GORDON alone. Defending Khartoum, or, to use an expressive phrase of his own country, "stravaging" about unchecked and smashing rebels, General GORDON is at any rate a comfortable reminder that outside Ministries Englishmen have not degenerated. In Lord WOLSELEY's triumphal chariot, with Khartoum left to the blessings of Sinkat, he would only be a painful reminder of the point of degeneration to which Englishmen, when they become Ministers, may be reduced, not to mention that he would be a singularly unmanageable feature of the pageant. No one, we believe, has ever claimed him as a political partisan, but his character must have been very much mistaken if he appreciates the position of shoe-horn to draw on Mr. GLADSTONE's Parliamentary projects, or of lion's provider to Lord WOLSELEY. No other part seems to be left to him save these questionable ones, if the clamour of Ministerialists that under no circumstances shall the policy of retirement be departed from, represents the intentions of the Ministry.

There is as yet no sign that those observers have been mistaken who failed to see in the protest of the Powers against the NUBAR-NORTHBROOK suspension of the Sinking Fund a serious, or at least an immediate, intention of quarrelling with England. The reported appeal to the courts of justice might in some respects be awkward; but it is not very easy to see what *locus standi* any appellant would have, and it is still less easy to see what means the tribunals possess of enforcing a decision adverse to the step taken. Few men who have really studied politics would be surprised at a turn of events which would be extremely disagreeable to this country; but few such men can regard such a turn as affirmatively probable. It is inconceivable that Russia at the present moment—it is scarcely conceivable that Austria at any moment—should want to quarrel with this country, and the very causes which make Germany disposed to beard England and egg on France up to a certain point would prevent her from going beyond that point. How utterly unwise it is of Mr. GLADSTONE to count on these considerations (as, if he has counted on anything in the aimless and shiftless course of his foreign policy, he must have done) needs not to be said. But blundering of the kind does not necessarily meet with the punishment it deserves. A somewhat fervid politician might even pray for some sharp and intolerable rebuff to pull the Ministry up in their career; but the probability is that the rebuff will not be administered, and that the career will go on. At any rate, the suspension of the Sinking Fund is hardly likely to be the immediate and direct cause of an open breach with the Continental Powers. Some of the very critics abroad who are most angry with England for doing it, admit that it is not in itself ill done. But all admit, and all sane persons not committed to "Mr. GLADSTONE right or wrong" must admit, that the act cannot stand alone, and once committed must be followed by other acts. To recede from it would be equivalent to giving up the reins altogether; to leave it by itself would be simply ridiculous. It is not probable that it will be left by itself, and the idea of a complete assumption of responsibility and of the guaranteeing by England of the Egyptian debt, properly adjusted, is welcomed with calmness in some quarters where not so very long ago it would have been received with shrieks of indignation. M. CAMILLE BARRÈRE's reported advice of revocation of leave to all Frenchmen in the KHEDIVÉ's service is sufficiently indicative of a sense on the part of that ingenious diplomatist that the last struggle to keep Egypt as a milch-cow for French bondholders and bureaucrats is imminent and will be severe. Perhaps not much may be hoped from the English

Commissioner's interviews with native sheikhs, for everything that is to be known about Egypt is accessible already by much shorter and more trustworthy means; but the proceeding has at any rate a laudable appearance of business. It is even announced that Lord NORTHEROOK sees land; that he will have finished his mission in a month. Lord WOLSELEY will most assuredly not have finished his mission in a month, whether he returns or not; but it is very much to be wished that he may be permitted to define it before that time. Definiteness, and nothing so much as definiteness, is what is wanted in Egypt. It ought to be possible for England by this time (it was possible months ago, for the matter of that) to lay down and to publish exactly what she proposes to do with Egyptian finance, with Egyptian territory, and with the status of Egypt as regards herself and other nations except the Porte, with regard to which the simplest plan is to leave the status unchanged. If not enough is claimed by the present Ministry, it will be for the people of England to get another Ministry which will claim enough; if too much is claimed, it will be for the Powers to signify their disapproval. In either case there is not much risk of a bargain not being struck. But the present aimless chaffering—or chaffering of which the only aim is apparently to avoid as much as possible the naming of exact terms on either side—is ruinous to Egypt and dangerous to England. We repeat the words dangerous to England, and we mean them, though we neither think the danger so imminent nor, in the event of its bursting, the state of the country so helpless as some other people appear to think it.

SUGAR BOUNTIES.

THE Continental sugar bounties continue to puzzle amateurs and even experts in political economy. Forty years ago almost the whole English nation became converted to Free-trade, not on scientific grounds, but because the producers whom it might injure were few and unpopular in comparison with the consumers. Landlords and farmers were powerless to resist an overwhelming majority which for once happened to be in the right; and the manufacturers, who might have offered a more formidable resistance, were more deeply interested in cheapness of subsistence for their workmen and in the extension of their own area of supply than in the prevention of a competition which they had little reason to fear. The indifference of monopolists to economic argument, when they are strong enough to maintain their own privileges, finds illustration in every other civilized country, including the principal English colonies. It is impossible to convince Frenchmen, Germans, Americans, or the inhabitants of Canada and of Victoria, that the collective dealings of buyers and sellers are, like every separate transaction, most advantageous to both parties when they are allowed to make their own bargains without the officious interference of the State. The applauding myriads who attend Mr. BLAINE in his canvass for the Presidency of the United States are unanimous in the opinion that the whole community ought to contribute by the most wasteful method to the support of indigenous producers.

The most flagrantly paradoxical of all attempts to subsidize native industry has not only effected its immediate object, but has shaken, by its operation, the faith of the sufferers in the sound doctrine which, in its general form, they still think themselves bound to profess. The principal European Legislatures have, for the purpose of providing a market for their own beet-root sugar, established a system of bounties on the export of the commodity in its manufactured state. The operation of the bounty has necessarily been that the Continental population is heavily taxed for a purpose in which only sugar-growers and sugar-refiners, whether employers or workmen, have the smallest interest. Foreign, and principally English, consumers obtain refined sugar at a price which is sometimes below the cost of production. The whole arrangement might have been devised as a caricature of the policy of Protection. When a commodity is sold at home or abroad with a profit, the producer of course receives an advantage which becomes a part of the general wealth of the country; but, if a price which could not be directly obtained is, in the case of foreign sales, made good by a contribution from the Treasury, the gain and loss to the exporting country are at the best equally balanced. It is true that the growers of raw sugar, as well as the refiners, derive a benefit from the artificial competition; or, in other words, they also are subsidized at the expense of the community, and thus are encouraged to produce an inferior

article. If beet-root sugar were naturally as good and as cheap as the produce of the cane, and if Continental refiners were a match for their English rivals, there would be no occasion for a bounty.

The capricious selection of one among many branches of industry for promotion at the public expense is probably explained by the identity of interest between the numerous growers of beet-root and the handful of refiners. Ordinary Protection only secures to the producer a monopoly of domestic sale. The American farmer has to buy dear tools and dear shirts for the benefit of shareholders in iron or cotton Companies; but hitherto protected manufacturers have shrunk from pretensions to artificial advantages in foreign markets. Frenchmen and Germans, who are prevented from buying West Indian sugar at its natural price, have the additional satisfaction of paying a part of the weekly bills of every English household. The rich and the poor enjoy the benefit of cheap sugar, that foreigners may amuse themselves with the belief that they are ruining envied competitors. It is true that the German refiner obtains a triumph over his rival; but the result is obtained through the payment by Germany of a tribute to England. It is strange that the most powerful intellects, in default of special study, seem incapable of understanding the simple and demonstrated truths of political economy. Prince BISMARCK apparently shares with inferior men the illusion that sugar was made for farmers and refiners, as, by parity of reasoning, hats were created for the benefit of hatters, and clothes for the maintenance of tailors. At this point modern Socialism unexpectedly coincides with the coarsest form of commercial selfishness. The theories on which the sugar bounty depends are expounded with ingenious and sympathetic absurdity in such books as *Alton Locke*.

Nothing can be more natural than the anger of the English sugar-refiners, including the workmen whom they employ, against those who disregard the plain rules of equal competition and fair play. The West Indian planters are not less seriously injured by the artificial preference which is accorded to beet-root sugar. With the usual readiness of colonists to apply extreme remedies to every grievance which may arise, one or two West Indians have proposed to detach some of the most ancient among the transmarine possessions of the Crown by transference to the United States, though a minority would be content with annexation to Canada. Either measure would be exclusively recommended by the hope of obtaining a new and favoured outlet for West Indian sugar. While Great Britain supplies the best customers to the planters, the United States supply the next best; and, if the Americans were to add the islands and the continental settlements to their vast dominions, they might counteract the operation of European bounties by securing to their planters a monopoly of their own. If the Government of the United States concludes a commercial treaty with Spain, the competition of the English sugar-colonies with Cuba and Porto Rico may be further discouraged than at present. The West Indians would perhaps be satisfied by the imposition on the part of England of a differential duty on sugar which had received the bounty; but the reversal of a policy which has been established with universal assent for more than forty years is not to be hastily undertaken. Neither the growers of sugar-cane nor the English refiners have any remedy to propose, except that a bounty should be given to a special industry at the expense of the taxpayer or the consumer. A direct bounty would be less burdensome than an addition to the retail price of sugar; but it would be a solitary anomaly in the fiscal system, and it would be difficult to determine the amount and the apportionment of the grant.

The working sugar-refiners have lately sent a deputation to Germany in the forlorn hope of converting their competitors in that country to their own sounder views. One of the delegates, who writes a letter to the *Times* on the subject of bounties, persuades himself that the German workmen would prefer relief from the taxes which they pay for the purpose of subsidizing their own industry to the advantage of an artificial monopoly. It is unnecessary to inquire whether the writer is unduly sanguine, as he admits that the middle classes and the adherents of Prince BISMARCK think that the system of bounties is advantageous to their country. The correspondent of the *Times* probably represents the opinion of his colleagues and constituents in his inference that Parliament ought either to impose countervailing duties or to foster the sugar industry by direct contributions. The advocate of Protection calls him-

self, as might be expected, a Free-trader and a Liberal; but he hints to Conservative politicians that "the working-men of England intend at the next election to vote only for those candidates who will pledge themselves to get rid of the foreign bounty system, either by adopting countervailing duties or by some other means." A Free-trader whose faith in his principles is contingent on reciprocal equality of treatment is on the verge of a lapse into economical heresy. It is impossible to foresee whether the Trade-Unions will prefer the interests of sugar-refiners to party allegiance; but the threat of secession from the Radical majority indicates one of the many dangers which are likely to result from the unqualified supremacy of the working classes. There is little doubt that a population of small freeholders would have maintained the Corn-laws; and, if a dominant caste of artisans and labourers are once persuaded that their interests would be advanced by protective duties, English commercial legislation will perhaps revert to the type which now prevails on the Continent of Europe and in the United States.

There is some reason in the contention of the ex-delegate that the Government has admitted the justice of the complaint of the sugar-refiners by its prolonged negotiations with foreign States for the removal of the bounties. There is, perhaps, a deviation from the strictest Free-trade doctrine in a remonstrance against the undue cheapness of an article of general consumption; but there are inconveniences in a derangement of the natural course of trade, and the hardship inflicted on a class of English and Colonial producers is serious and flagrant. Similar proceedings on the part of private traders always excite the indignation of established firms. They know that their upstart rivals are selling at a loss in the hope of driving solid and respectable dealers out of the field; but, unfortunately for themselves, they have no power to impose countervailing duties, and their steadiest customers would decline to subscribe for the maintenance of high prices. At present Germany and France think fit to make a present to foreign purchasers of perhaps an ounce in every pound of sugar. Parliament might at its pleasure defeat a paradoxical policy by forbidding the acceptance of the boon; but legislation for the avowed purpose of creating an artificial dearth would be a startling novelty.

IRELAND.

IT is as yet early to congratulate ourselves on the failure of the Irish Nationalist party to bring about another campaign of agitation. Up to the present the members of Parliament now on the stump have had the new and disagreeable experience of haranguing empty commons or equally empty halls. As far as it goes, that is highly satisfactory. It is also good to learn that the fortnightly meeting of the National League has been compelled to consider the needs of an empty exchequer, and to face the gloomy prospect of having to depend entirely on Ireland for its funds in future. Mr. HARRINGTON had to make the depressing confession that subscriptions from America had ceased for some time. The Irish patriot holds firmly by the belief that the priest is entitled to live by the altar; and, if the contributions of the faithful fall off, his zeal is likely to be sensibly cooled. But our chance of seeing him starved out depends wholly on the continued success of the Crimes Act in preventing violence. The American subscriber will not pay unless he sees some visible result for his money, and the suffering Irishman will not part with a penny of his small capital unless he is compelled. If once the operation of the Crimes Act can be suspended, or even notably weakened, each of these classes of patriots can be acted on in the necessary way. Some member of the tyrant landlord class, or, what is much more likely, some unlucky Irish farmer who can be plausibly dubbed a land-grabber, will be shot, and then both kinds of subscribers to the Land League will begin to send in money.

The method by which this desired object is to be obtained is characteristically Irish. Put very briefly, it may be said to amount to this—that the Courts which administer the Crimes Act are to be discredited by proving that Irishmen who dabble in patriotism are much greater scoundrels than anybody ever supposed. It had been sufficiently well known that as soon as one of this remarkable people took up the cause of his suffering country, he at once not only became capable of cowardly murder, and of loathsome cruelty of a very deliberate kind, but that he devoted himself to shooting from behind walls and houghing cattle with enthusiasm.

It had been claimed for him, however, that he never sullied the work of patriotism by private crime. Irish orators have been wont to assert that their countrymen were free from all crimes which are not clean—i.e. not political. They might in the abundance of their wisdom kill an Irishman to spite the oppressive English, but under no temptation would they do it for the pecuniary advantage of other Irishmen. Further it has been the boast of good patriots that there was no pardon for the informer. While the Castle is there with its money and its gallows, the appearance of the traitor may be expected not in vain; but it had been an article of the Irish creed that he must never look to be forgiven. The agitators who are now so busy in the cause of the victims of the Crimes Act seem bent on proving that both these contentions were utterly unfounded. The case of more than one Crown witness recently shows that there is hope even for the approver if he will only confess to perjury. Let him once show that he is a thorough scoundrel, and his countrymen will receive him with open arms. He has only to say boldly that he sent half a dozen Irishmen to the gallows by lying and from fear for his neck, and he will not only be forgiven, but will be cherished and honoured. The claim to an exemption from unclean crime is being equally controverted by the spokesmen of the Nationalist party. As the independent inquiries of Irish patriots into the Maamtrasna murders proceed they are able to prove to their own satisfaction that the crime was fifty times baser and more brutal than had been supposed. Very few people doubted that a family feud had had something to do with the hideous slaughter of the JOYCE family, but it did seem probable that the immediate pretext was political. Mr. HARRINGTON and other inquirers, in their zeal to clear the Land League, have laid open or concocted a story of villainy surpassing the worst version given by any Englishman. Their account of what happened is that JOHN JOYCE was murdered by men hired for the purpose by a neighbour. He was killed, it seems, because of some quarrel about sheep-stealing, and also as a measure of self-defence. He had made, it is said, three attempts to shoot the man who finally got him taken off. The party which killed him, and the women and children with him, did the job as a mere matter of business. They were paid for a massacre and they did it. The *United Ireland* can name the whole party, from the substantial farmer who found the funds down to the journeyman murderer who smashed in the skulls of several of the victims with an iron weapon. It does not appear to have dawned on the minds of Mr. HARRINGTON and *United Ireland* that their story is fifty times more dishonourable to Ireland than the version of the Crown lawyer. It makes the mere Englishman rub his eyes with amazement. These patriots are in such blind haste to prove the Castle wrong that they are prepared to give up the Irishman's boasted freedom from a tendency to commit unclean crime. Mr. HARRINGTON and all his rabid pack are ready to believe that an Irish peasant is a sheep-stealer and would-be assassin, even though he was so good a patriot as to have been treasurer of a Ribbon Society. That JOHN JOYCE was suspected of embezzling the funds only shows that an Irish peasant—the most virtuous of men—may also be a common thief. Further, they are persuaded that this Irish peasant was murdered by a substantial farmer who hired a gang of braves as he might have engaged turf-cutters—ergo, the mercenary assassin is a common character in the Irish country districts. It is obvious that the farmer could not have found men ready to his hand to kill for hire if he had been the first to adopt this method of settling his quarrels. To make the story complete, we are told, apparently by way of excuse for the farmer, that he was going in fear of his life from JOHN JOYCE, who had made three attempts to shoot him because of the aforesaid quarrel about the sheep-stealing.

We have very little doubt as to the positive and direct value of Mr. HARRINGTON's discoveries. Still they have a certain importance as evidence of the facts of Irish life. If they do not show what actually happened in the JOYCE country, they at least show what patriotic Irish journalists and members of Parliament think might have happened. Some sort of probability is demanded from the wildest melodrama. In future, therefore, when we are told by Irish patriots that ordinary crime is unknown in Ireland; that the Irish peasant is a noble fellow, who cannot find it in his heart to shed blood save when his arm is nerved by a political motive; and that base robbery is unheard of among the noblest peasantry in the world, we shall be able to correct this glowing picture by the authority

of Mr. HARRINGTON and *United Ireland*. These judges, who have every means of knowing the facts, believe it possible that a single Irish parish, and a thinly-inhabited one too, should contain a sheep-stealer who stalks his neighbour as if he were a red-deer, a substantial farmer who hires braves to despatch the sheep-stealer, and Irish peasants who murder for hire, and are prepared to smash the skulls of a whole family with an iron weapon. Nor does Mr. HARRINGTON's charming list stop there; for we have it on his authority that this same parish contains several persons who, to win a bounty or for other motives of various degrees of baseness, are ready to take the lives of the innocent by perjury. And after this Irishmen will probably still go on boasting that their country is quite free from unclean crime. Meanwhile the story has also its value as an illustration of the code of honour prevailing among Irish journalists of the patriotic kind. Its rise and development shows that whenever they think they see a chance to discredit what they are pleased to call the English Courts—though the judge, the jury, and the officers are all their own countrymen—they are prepared to ruin an indefinite number of Irishmen. If *United Ireland* is right, there are several more inhabitants of the JOYCE country who ought to be hanged. If it is not, then this organ of the Nationalist party has calumniated its own clients. That, however, may be left to be settled between the JOYCES and *United Ireland*. The sum total of the dispute hitherto is that, by the account of both sides, there must be a great deal of perjury and cowardly crime among the interesting peasantry of Ireland, and that the patriotic Irish version is the most discreditable of the two.

FISH DINNERS AND FISHY COMPANIES.

IT is quite possible that, in spite of anything said at the Southwark Police Court, the reputed officers of the London Fish Dinner Company, or the International Fish Dinner Company, or the Sixpenny Fish Dinner Company, may be the most innocent and meritorious of mankind. This Company or these Companies may themselves have been praiseworthy institutions that have had misfortunes, "which many 'ave 'ad them," as Mr. RIDLEY senior remarked with equal sagacity and good feeling. First appearances are dangerous guides, and perhaps there is a sufficient answer to the charges which angry shareholders and disappointed tradesmen are making before Mr. SLADE. The lesson which anybody may learn from evidence which is compatible with the guilelessness of HENRY HUGHLINGS, FREDERICK POPE, and JAMES PRYOR is the extreme ease with which the public, on its own showing, and on evidence which is certainly good against the witnesses themselves, may be brought to lose its money. No very tangled web apparently need be woven in order to practise deceit on a good many people who are not perceptibly more foolish than their neighbours. The first thing which promoters of a Company have to do is to print a prospectus, and the first witness called before Mr. SLADE was FREDERICK BAYES, a printer. BAYES printed a prospectus, supplying also stamps and envelopes, for which, owing no doubt to some unfortunate misapprehension, he has not yet been paid. To subscribe to the Company, however, Mr. BAYES refused. It is melancholy, but we believe it to be the fact, that the most fervid eloquence makes little impression upon the minds of those who set up the type. Perhaps sometimes it produces a reaction. Mr. WALTER BESANT has introduced into *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* a compositor who, being employed in the office of a "Secularist" periodical, was naturally a High Churchman. It is unlikely, to say the least, that convinced believers in the truth of prospectuses are to be found among those who print them. At all events, BAYES was obdurate, and merely wanted to be remunerated for his job. All he could get, according to his own story, was a "bill accepted by a General in 'the army,'" which was not paid. He was, however, favoured with further employment, which was to print prospectuses of the "City and Suburban Bank." We cannot altogether congratulate the founders of this institution on the name which they selected to give it. "City and Suburban" has a familiar, even a homely, sound. But the first thing it suggests is a popular race, and the last thing it suggests is security for money. BAYES printed the cheque-books of the "City and Suburban," and then asked again to be paid. All he got was another order, this time on behalf of the "House Property Association." The International Fish Dinner Company was not, as might perhaps at this point be hastily supposed, content with a mere pro-

spectus. It had shares, though they were not much taken up, and it had a secretary, though he did not like his job. The secretary, Mr. LINDSAY, bought ten shares, but his principal duty seems to have been to cash cheques on the Grosvenor Bank, which were afterwards dishonoured. Growing weary of this amusement, he asked for compensation, and received a cheque, which was returned marked "overdrawn." A cheque drawn by the "House Distribution Society" he, not unwisely, refused to have anything to do with. At least such is Mr. LINDSAY's account of his connexion with the Fish Dinner Company.

The last thing which this wonderful Company seems to have thought of was to provide fish dinners. However, it came in time even to dining, and, if we may believe THOMAS MILLS, licensed victualler, it came in this wise. Mr. MILLS was introduced to two of the directors, and he introduced them to his bankers. He was then, apparently as a matter of common form, asked to cash a cheque on the Grosvenor Bank, which was as of course dishonoured. The cheque was only a small one, and why the directors made it or uttered it we cannot say. Perhaps it was to keep their hands in. Then Mr. MILLS was requested to supply the Company with wine for its opening dinner, and he sent champagne, sherry, port, and spirits. He forwarded his little bill, and in return received another kind of bill, which he found to be not negotiable on any terms. Further application only produced cheques on the Grosvenor Bank, which could apparently be issued to any extent for the cost of the paper on which they were printed and the Government stamp. Like Mr. BAYES, Mr. MILLS was invited to take shares; but he also declined, which, in all the circumstances, says much for his honesty. At last the Company procured a bar, and even a barmaid. The barmaid represents herself as having taken five shares, and paid five shillings for them, which was certainly cheap. The Company "collapsed," says this unfortunate witness, within a fortnight of her engagement, and she never received a farthing. Mr. WEST, the Company's fishmonger, must be a man of exceptional powers. For he succeeded in extracting the sum of five-and-twenty pounds from the Fish Dinner Company for goods supplied. It is true that that was not the whole of his bill, and that he had, he says, "some difficulty" in getting the money. But that he should have got it at all is a truly remarkable circumstance. Flushed with success, Mr. WEST accepted the post of manager to the Company. But at this point, if we may trust his evidence, his good fortune deserted him. Of the twenty-eight pounds due to him when he retired from office, not a penny has ever been paid. But perhaps the most complete victim of this concern was Mr. GEORGE SPALDING. Mr. SPALDING deposes that he first took fifty shares in the Company, and then, ambitious of being a director, a hundred and fifty. He produced a hundred guineas, and found the very next day that "the affair was in liquidation." So Mr. SPALDING and his guineas were, it is to be feared, permanently separated. When witness after witness comes forward, and describes conduct on his own part which is by no means creditable to his common sense, we may assume not the guilt of the particular prisoners, but the general gullibility of the community at large.

Of course all the people charged in this case may have a perfectly satisfactory explanation to give of their proceedings. The police may have got hold of the wrong men, and the real rogues may be still in the background. An extremely generous person may hold that it is all a mistake, and that there are no rogues at all in the case. But what does appear plainly enough is that a most elaborate and complicated system of fraud might be, if it has not been, conducted without capital or funds of any kind. It really does seem as if, with impudence and a sheet of paper, a business may be done which is far more profitable while it lasts than writing immortal works, or even the most trashy novels in three volumes. We do not feel quite sure that it is necessary to possess even the paper, for that may be obtained on credit; and, as credit is said to be the soul of business, so unlimited tick may be called the presiding genius of the modern "Company." It would, perhaps, be going too far to say that the Companies which can be trusted are known to everybody. But it may safely be said that any man who puts money into a new Company which he does not know as he knows his own business is a fool. There is a Company mania abroad, and the disease has taken a new form. The current frauds of this kind are not gigantic schemes in which colossal fortunes are made and wrecked. They are petty affairs, which, as an unkind critic said of an estimable periodical, cost little, and are worth less. Some of them profess the most benevolent

ends. Others have an entirely businesslike and practical air. They are, to use the phrase which puzzled ALICE in Wonderland, much of a muchness.

This bubble is more bright than that,
But still they all are bubbles.

It is the old confidence trick, played with variations. Unfortunately, there is a large number of persons, and among them readers of prospectuses, who believe that statements are true because they are made. They do not perhaps put this theory into plain words; but it is the only one which explains their actions. They adopt in their haste language which may be more charitable, but is certainly less prudent, than DAVID'S. Instead of saying "All men are liars," they say, or think, "It is printed. Why should it not be 'the fact?'" BENTHAM, with his cool impartiality of mind, admitted that there was "a faint mathematical probability" in favour of an unknown person's veracity in a given assertion. But faint mathematical probabilities may be neglected in the practical business of life. Moreover, BENTHAM was referring to cases where it was not known that the speaker or writer had any motive for telling lies, and among such cases the issue of prospectuses is clearly not included. We do not think, as we have already said, that vast wealth is being accumulated by promoters of Companies just now. But there is a great deal of paltry deprecation, which a prudent scepticism would at once check.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

GERMANY, like England, is at present exposed to a flood of political eloquence; and, though she certainly cannot boast of an orator so fluent, so ready, and so reckless as Mr. GLADSTONE, she has several men who are capable of exciting provincial audiences to enthusiasm, and more who are able to state their party programme in a clear and, as it seems to their adherents, an unanswerable way. Whether Herr VON BENNINGSEN, Herr RICHTER, or Dr. WINDTHORST has made the finest speeches is a question we may leave their countrymen to decide. The aims and convictions of the men who will form the new Imperial Parliament have a wider significance, and one that can hardly fail to interest every observer of modern politics.

During the last session of the Reichstag a strong Liberal party was formed by a fusion of the Secessionists with the old Party of Progress. The former body is composed chiefly of men of high education, and often, as in the case of Dr. BAMBERGER, of great gifts, who are Free-traders from study and on conviction; the latter are the somewhat feeble remnants of the Opposition on principle, which was so powerful before 1866. Both display an aversion to Prince BISMARCK and his policy which at times appears almost personal in its bitterness. This new party at one time seemed destined to achieve great victories; but its formation galvanized the National Liberals, who were thought to have received their death-wound when they were deserted by the Secessionists, into a new life. The programme of Heidelberg announced the revival of a party which, while remaining Liberal on all constitutional questions, was prepared to support the CHANCELLOR not only in his foreign, but also in his social and economic, policy.

The Government at once saw its opportunity, and did what it could to further the National Liberal cause. Of late it has had to rely entirely on the united support of the Conservative parties and the Centre. These commanded a majority in the Reichstag that has just come to an end, and by their means the great measures were passed which are supposed to have commenced a new era in German life. There can be no doubt that both were sincere in their desire for social reform. The Clericals took up the matter in the midst of the "Liberal era," and were accused of siding with the anarchists for doing so. Prince BISMARCK sacrificed his Parliamentary majority some years afterwards to a conviction that a change was needed. Thus both the Conservatives and the Centre party have shown a real interest in the matter; but they, unfortunately, differ as to the way in which it should be treated. The Conservatives desire to place the whole reorganization of society in the hands of the State; the Clericals wish to entrust it to corporate bodies with clearly defined rights and powers. The reason is obvious. The Catholics regard the centralization of political power as a danger to the liberties of the Church, which might perhaps profit by the privileges conferred on other corporations.

The Government may depend upon the almost unconditional support of the Conservatives; but it is highly improbable that they, or indeed any single party, will possess an absolute majority in the new Chamber; and so it will be necessary to bring about an understanding between them and other groups. The alliance with the Centre has been useful, but irksome. The Insurance Bill, for instance, could only be passed after it had been re-cast in accordance with Clerical views; and, if the balance of parties in the new Reichstag remains the same as it was in the old, a great part of the repressive ecclesiastical legislation will have to be repealed. If, on the other hand, the moderate groups, which, for the sake of convenience, we class together under the name of National Liberals, succeed in gaining a large number of new seats, the Ministry will be able on every critical occasion to choose between them and the Centre, and it will thus regain its freedom of action. This explains the support they at present receive from the semi-official press.

The Clericals clearly perceive the danger they are in. Nor is it only their political influence that is threatened. The triumph of the moderate parties might not improbably lead to the adoption of a harsher practice in ecclesiastical matters. There is no chance of the Radicals coming into office, and though they have no liking for the Roman Catholic Church, they are opposed on principle to exceptional legislation, while the May Laws were passed by a National Liberal Parliament. So to Prince BISMARCK'S "On no account a Radical," Dr. WINDTHORST has replied "On no account a Moderate"; and it seems probable that, in constituencies where they have no chance of seating a candidate of their own, the Conservatives will vote for the National Liberals, and the Catholics for the Radicals. It is impossible at present to foresee the conclusion of this little comedy, which might not inaptly be entitled "Every Man Out of His Humour."

CANOEING IN CANADA.

THE methods and the joys of canoe expeditions on the great rivers of Canada deserve to be better known than they still are to the majority of active and wandering Englishmen. Even of those who visit the United States, comparatively few make themselves acquainted with the river scenery of the Dominion—certainly not inferior to any in the world—which is within easy reach of the Northern Atlantic seaboard. A week or two spent in exploring any part of this scenery is one of the best opportunities remaining in this civilized world for using the appliances of civilization to enjoy for a brief space a life of healthy and careless savagery. If an excuse in the way of sport be needed for embracing such an opportunity, there is plenty of fish to be caught in most of the rivers; salmon in some, trout in many, and, failing these, bass and other fish of kinds which at home are deemed coarse, but which in their Transatlantic varieties are very well worth eating, at all events when one is living in the open air. On the mighty tributaries of the St. Lawrence, however, travelling in canoes is far from being an affair of mere pastime, or an occupation for which reasons have to be found. The natural waterways of the country are still for many purposes its chief means of communication, and the canoe of the old *voyageurs*, essentially the same as the first explorer found it in the hands of the Indian, is an indispensable aid to the lumberman. Every one concerned in the business of getting the forest timber, from the highest to the lowest, is called by this name. One who undertakes it on a very great scale is sometimes distinguished by the title of a "lumber king," and his authority is in practice despotic enough. This is the great industry of the rivers, and canoe journeys are so necessary to it that any one who takes up canoeing for pleasure's sake will have not the least difficulty in finding canoes and men well accustomed to handle them, but some difficulty, perhaps, in making those men understand that his purpose is not merely to convey himself up or down the river with as little delay as possible. The notion of a gentleman passenger wanting to paddle rather than to sit still, and even knowing something of the subtler arts of navigating a canoe, is also not yet familiar to the professional *voyageur*. We use this title because there is no other to use; the occupation, as an exclusive occupation, is pretty well obsolete, and the modern *voyageur* is mostly a subordinate lumberman. But Canadian amateurs do make pleasure excursions of many days' length in canoes, and there is no reason why travellers from England should not do the same if they care to do it and set about it in the right way.

Best of all, we need hardly say, is to go with a Canadian friend who knows the business of old. Short of this, an introduction to any of the leading lumbermen at such a local centre as Chicoutimi for the Saguenay, Three Rivers for the St. Maurice, or Ottawa or Pembroke for the Ottawa River, would carry a party of Englishmen a long way; and introductions are both more easy to obtain and more fruitful of assistance in Canada than in England, upon one condition. The condition is merely that the new-comer shall

treat colonists as human and civilized beings, shall not behave in a Canadian gentleman's home or presence otherwise than he would at home in English company, and shall generally be content to believe that the descendants of Englishmen and Frenchmen who have cleared and settled, and are still clearing and settling, with infinite labour and determination, the forests and valleys of half a continent, may be presumed to know something of their own business.

Canoe travelling on the rivers is not as yet an organized pastime like mountaineering. One cannot call for canoes and guides at the inn; but a friend's help or introduction will secure, with reasonable notice of course, the canoes and the men, and much useful information and advice. It is quite possible that the canoes may be offered as a free loan; and we may fairly suppose that Englishmen who have got so far as to set about the matter at all, will not fall into the false shame about accepting hospitality in its fitting place, which is one of our besetting sins. The men will be strong, capable, and faithful—men who may be summarily likened to Alpine guides in the rough. It is not their regular business to go about with travellers. They have not fully grasped the notion of people camping out for amusement, and, not being accustomed to make themselves particularly comfortable in their own expeditions, are not equipped, as guides are in any of the Alpine centres, with full knowledge of what ought to be provided for the use and comfort of their employers. Also they have taken over the Red Indian tradition of constant and exceeding caution. They are quite capable of facing danger if it is thrust upon them, but they are averse to anything like gratuitous risk or responsibility. Trying an experiment for the experiment's sake is outside their conception of what is possible and reasonable. But then there are not many experiments that could be tried. There are no new passes to be made on a river, though now and then it may be practicable and not imprudent to run a rapid which is usually circumvented by portage. Again, these men have minute and perfect local knowledge of the navigation of their own rivers, and great capacity for discovering the right course in unknown waters of the same kind; but, in Lower Canada at any rate, their general information about times and distances is singularly vague. They compute journeys in miles, but the English mile in their mouths becomes an even more elastic and perplexing standard than the Swiss *Stunde*. Not that this is very surprising in persons who are not in the habit of using maps. For on a Canadian river actual measured distance bears, if possible, an even less constant relation than in the Alps to the time occupied in covering it. There is the difference between travelling with and against the stream, to begin with; you may run in half an hour down a reach which it was half a day's business to work up. Then, on these broad rivers, and with so light a craft as a canoe, a fair or contrary wind makes far more difference than a stranger would expect. Also, canoes have a great deal of individuality, and their performances are various according to circumstances. So that when you know that two given points on your river are, say, twenty miles apart, this is only the beginning of knowledge as to the sort of journey it will be from one to the other. For the rest, the Canadian *voyageur* resembles or approaches the Swiss guide in many qualities. He can do a vast deal of work with no appearance of fatigue and not much of effort, is skilled and handy in all the things of his craft (which, be it remembered, includes woodcraft), is not of polished manners, yet a true gentleman in his relations with his employers, serviceable and anxious to please them without abandoning his independence, and willing to do a great deal more than is in his bond if he is treated with courtesy and consideration. We are taking the class at its best, as is only fair. But we doubt not that, if canoe journeying became a more general holiday pastime in Canada, the demand would call forth, as it has called forth in the Alps, a sort of trained men fully understanding all things that pertain to the conduct of such an expedition. As it is, the traveller must be prepared to form his own plans and exercise his own judgment as to route and length of day's journey; though in such details as the choice of a fit camping-ground within given limits it is far better to trust the expert's knowledge. In Lower Canada the men will probably be French-Canadians knowing a little English, but not much. Some knowledge of colloquial French is therefore desirable, though the traveller will speedily discover that the spoken French of a Canadian *voyageur* differs in many material particulars from both the written and the spoken French of Paris. A good map of the region to be visited should of course be procured if possible. There are not any detailed guide-books that we know of, and perhaps one is happier without them.

The next point is stores and equipment. Provisions are best laid in at the nearest town; at the same time, if there are any little portable matters the traveller has a special fancy for, he will do wisely to make sure of them at a place of larger resources, like Montreal or Toronto. As to clothes and maps, it is simpler and cheaper to bring them with you as free luggage than to buy them in Canada, and pay the freight and another set of profits in addition to the home price. At this point we remark, for abundant caution's sake, that a canoeing party must do without many of the luxuries of civilization, and some of the so-called necessities. It is a very different affair from a garden picnic, or an encampment on the Thames, or even a night or two in Alpine huts. If a man cannot be happy without his shaving-water, and his dressing-gown, and his boots nicely blacked, and his *Times* at breakfast every morning, he has only to stay at home. As a general maxim for

travelling of this kind, the fewer things you have to carry and to think about the better, and this applies to stores of all sorts. It is wiser to take what is known to be generally useful than to burden oneself with a variety of special devices in the way of raiment, food, or anything else. The staples of solid food are bacon and some form of wheat stuff, whether bread, biscuit, or flour, and in what proportions, is a matter of taste, provided that one at least of the party can bake. Fresh bread, milk, eggs, potatoes, and sometimes other vegetables, can mostly be bought at farmhouses on the banks of the river at intervals of not more than a day or two. Tea (with coffee as a variation if desired) is the universal drink. A traveller who wanted alcohol would have either to go to great trouble and expense, or take it in the form of whisky. But nobody knows the virtue of tea in all weathers and temperatures who has not drunk it in front of a camp fire. Not over a camp fire, for Canadians, though accustomed to extremes of heat and cold, are not salamanders. You may sit over a gipsy fire of half-a-dozen sticks, such as people boil a kettle with out of doors in England. But when in place of the sticks there are logs five or six feet long, and solid stumps of pine or cedar with their branching roots, and the flame of them searches the wood round about with lights and shadows that only Rembrandt could seize; and every now and then a volley of sparks goes up twenty or thirty feet like a coil of live glowing serpents, why then we keep a more respectful distance. *Täglich grosses Feuerwerk* is an attraction commonly advertised by the public gardens of German towns. The dweller in a Canadian camp has a finer sight every night in the natural course of things than any firework-maker could provide. To return to the provender, there is generally the chance of adding to the stock by the method of trolling with a line over the stern and a spinning bait, which, if of no great interest from a sporting point of view, is found effective for the purpose of having fish for supper. There are also not infrequent opportunities for fly-fishing, as to which information must be obtained as near the time and place as may be. A few tins of preserved meat do not add greatly to the bulk of the *butin*, as the French-speaking men call the baggage of the expedition, and are useful to give variety, and on occasion to save cooking. But one finds, as in the Alps, that there is no increase whatever in the appetite for flesh-meat; on the other hand, eggs, milk, and vegetables are eagerly welcomed. Rice, which is too little used by Englishmen at home, except as the vehicle of curry, has been found an excellent resource in camp diet, as it will do duty, according to taste, for a vegetable or for a sweet or savoury dish. Plain boiled rice, with sugar and milk, seems childish fare in town, but men are often glad of it in camp after a long day's work, when they care but little for stronger meat. A few condiments take up practically no room, so herein the traveller may please himself. It is worth knowing that French mustard can be obtained at even the smallest grocery stores in Lower Canada. As to medical comforts, a man who has any little special trouble to provide against (and he is lucky who after thirty or thirty-five has none) must take with him whatever remedies he knows to be required. This is necessary, and the rest is superfluous. Implicit following of the general good advice to be found by the bushel in guide-books and manuals of health would turn one's baggage into a family medicine chest, and make active life impossible. Still, there are sundry matters, more or less in the nature of drugs, which are useful all round, and which a man will not repent having about him. Vaseline, for example, is good for many things—sunburn and flies among others. Many experienced travellers will never part from eau de cologne if they can help it; and we think they are right, for it has much and various virtue in small compass. For accidental hurts there is the Canada balsam tree *in situ*, with its healing gum, which is found in little vesicles in the bark. The boughs of this same tree—a stately conifer, with a spiry top—serve to line the tent floor with an aromatic and elastic bed, only the boughs must be laid all one way—from head to foot—and the right side up, or the sleeper, if we may invert the words of the poet, will “touch the tender stops of various quills” to an extent that may interfere with his rest. Hemlock boughs are even better; the hemlock tree is not unlike the balsam, but with darker and softer foliage more nearly approaching juniper, and has nothing to do with the European umbelliferous plant.

We have said nothing of tents, by the way; and all that can be said is that the traveller must provide his own, of such dimensions as are suitable to the party. Cooking and mess utensils must also be taken. They can be bought in endless variety, and it is only necessary to remember that a few good strong camp-kettles and pans are better than many nicknacks, and that spirit-lamps and Russian furnaces need not be thought of in a land where nature supplies wood fuel without stint. This equipment will naturally be taken from headquarters, and will include knives, forks, and spoons (cutlery exists in French Canadian country towns, but the knives are flat pieces of iron which never pretended to have an edge) and other things to match. There is not much to be said about clothing either, except that the analogies of a walking or fishing tour are rather to be followed than those of English boating. The smartness of boating flannels would very speedily come to grief in camp life; and there may be rough bits of wood to go through besides. Then one must be armed against cold nights and mornings, as well as hot days, even with the shelter of a tent. All kinds of wraps are good if they are strong enough. A fisherman's blue frock is an excellent thing to have with one as an extra garment. Waterproof sheets are useful to spread on the ground for meals and sitting out, or to lay in the

boat, and are handy as an outside cover for other things, materially helping to make what is called a good pack. The army pattern of indiarubber all through is best. What amount of spare clothing and other personal belongings may reasonably be taken depends on the character of the particular journey. The carrying power of a canoe is much greater than any one would suppose who has not seen it loaded; and on a river not greatly interrupted by falls and rapids there is no occasion to be anxious about a few pounds. But the probable amount of portages should be considered beforehand. *Portage* is the process of cutting off a rapid or series of rapids by carrying the canoes and baggage overland; also the path (generally through woods) provided for this purpose. A portage may be of any length, from a few hundred feet to two or three miles. In the parts commonly used for traffic the paths are well kept; sometimes there is even a cart-road; but where the lumbering business has fallen off a portage may be found all but abandoned and in exceedingly bad condition. Much baggage on a heavy portage means much trouble and delay, and for such work it is desirable to carry no more weight than is indispensable; and, as trustworthy local information cannot always be had beforehand concerning the length and state of portages, it is well always to have things so arranged that you can easily put yourself in light marching order for a day or two, somewhat after the fashion commonly used in Alpine excursions. A waterproof pack that will stand wet and exposure, and has no particular shape to lose, will be found better for general use than the civilised portmanteau. In the matter of books and writing or drawing materials every man of sense is best guided by his own taste, avoiding, of course, anything of excessive bulk. But it may save trouble in the choice of your half-dozen favourite authors to reflect that you probably will not open them. Homer, nevertheless, will go into one's pocket, and is ever good to read in the sound of great waters.

Supposing the party to be made up, equipped, and under way, one of the first things they have to remember is that it takes time both to make and to strike a camp. Two hours of daylight are none too much to allow for putting things in order on arrival at a new station; and it will hardly be found practicable to effect a start in the morning in less than that space of time after rising. When you are established under canvas, be it for one night only or for a day or two, there are little points of comfort and policy worth attending to. Things crowded together as they must be in a tent are wonderfully easy to mislay, however few of them there may be. We confidently offer this as a golden rule which will save much petty trouble and worry:—*Never leave any small object loose.* When done with, put it at once either in your pocket, or in the place where it goes when packed, or upon some larger object which cannot be overlooked. The inside of one's hat is a good receptacle for the contents of the pockets at night, being of a convenient capacity and answering the condition of being impossible to overlook when you get up. It is good, both for cleanliness and order and for taking stock, to have a complete turn out of your kit every few days; though this we confess to be a counsel of perfection more likely to be allowed than followed. Airing in the sun is half as good as a washing. As for the care of one's person, it is an exceptional camping-ground where the river does not afford good bathing close at hand. For the rest, Canadian camp life has much in common with all forms of open-air life and rough travelling, and the directions given in such works as Mr. Galton's *Art of Travel* and the best Alpine guide-books may be consulted with advantage, using the necessary discretion in allowing for obvious differences; for instance, a man will not wear nailed boots in a canoe, neither need he learn how to make soap in the desert. We may have unconsciously repeated some of these directions; but nothing has been stated which is not derived from actual experience of the special matter in hand.

A canoe trip cannot be warranted to be all rose-colour more than any other human undertaking. But the summer months are, on the whole, far less exposed to accidents of weather in Canada than in Europe. The only serious drawbacks likely to be encountered are excessive heat and insects; and insects are generally not to be feared after the first week in August. Before that time nobody goes to the woods unless compelled by business or by the all-mastering love of sport. A cold July, however, may lead to a second crop of mosquitos and black-flies in August, and there is a tiny sand-fly, expressively called *brûlot* in Lower Canada, who is worse than either while his time lasts; happily he comes out only for an hour or so about dawn and sunset. The most effectual exorcism for flies of all kinds is wood smoke, and the making and judiciously placing a little smoky fire or heap of brands (smudge in English, *boucan* in French) for the purpose of keeping them off is one of the first mysteries of woodcraft that strike the new-comer. When the sun's heat becomes too powerful, there is nothing for it that we know of but to use the world-old and world-wide remedy of keeping quiet in the middle of the day. The ordinary hardships of camp life (as they seem to people who set their hearts on the blacking of their boots) need not be considered. Letters and newspapers are doubtless cut off for the time being, a loss which the wise man can endure, to say the least, with equanimity. On the whole, there is no form of holiday pastime that gives more complete, varied, and delightful contrasts to the routine of work-a-day life than a canoe trip on one of the Canadian rivers.

NATIONAL CHURCH REFORM.

AMONG the many questions which very fiercely agitate different schools of Churchmen there has hitherto been absolute unanimity on one point. High, Low, and Broad have been agreed that the Church presents itself in its most degraded aspect in the parishes which are cursed with election of parson by universal suffrage. Accordingly the exertions of ecclesiastical reformers, prosaic fellows as they are, has hitherto been devoted to the object of abating an anomaly which as yet is happily rare. Mr. Albert Grey, however, who has won himself a not inconspicuous place in that class of statesmen known as rising men, is far too original for any such matter-of-fact expedient. The thing is a nuisance, he appears to think, and it is also an anomaly. Let us make it no longer an anomaly and it will cease to be a nuisance. To be sure the law of patronage and a good many more laws stand in the way of a literal Biltonizing of all England. But England may yet be made Bilton all over in the spirit. Mr. Grey as a student of history has been led to appreciate the blessings of the French Constitution in those happy days when Merovingians reigned and Mayors of the Palace governed; while his familiarity with modern economic theories enables him to appreciate the capabilities of co-operation. Co-operative Merovingianism, so he discovered, would be the panacea for spiritual ills. It might be the purgatory of the priest, but it would be the paradise of the flock. These deep thoughts took shape, as is the way with legislators, in a Church Boards Bill. The Bill has appeared and disappeared in that condition of semi-vitality which is the doom of measures that do not reach a second reading, for two or three Sessions; while it is periodically reprinted for fear so signal a triumph of philosophic statesmanship should be prematurely forgotten. Under it any three parishioners, such as would be entitled to vote in an election of churchwardens, may signify their wish that the provisions of the Act shall come into operation in that parish, and then in three days the notice is to be posted, and in not less than fifteen, nor more than twenty-one days afterwards, the meeting of parishioners is to take place to consider the expediency of adopting the scheme. The voters both in this preliminary stage and in the election of members are to be nothing so old-fashioned as communicants, nor even persons who may, for reasons more or less satisfactory, parade themselves as members of the Church, but "adult parishioners," all and every one, members of all the hundred and eighty-seven sects who, according to Whitaker, divide this happy land amongst themselves, and the residuum of persons too superior to belong to any sect whatever, keepers of public-houses or of houses which may be worse, those just escaped out of prison and those who ought at the time to be in prison, and universal womankind; a real flesh-and-blood constituency, in short, with a supplementary "service" franchise of folks who have gone for a year to the church without being parishioners. This admirably qualified constituency is to elect a parish Board by certain rules of proportionate numbers, and it is to "have power from time to time of making any change, not contrary to law, in the manner of conducting the services and ministrations of the Church, or in the vestments worn by any person officiating or assisting in such services, or in the arrangements for the seating of the parishioners, or in the lights, ornaments, decorations, furniture, and fittings of the church. The Board shall also superintend the distribution of all moneys collected within the church, and undertake the management of any matter of an ecclesiastical nature affecting the general interests of the parish which has theretofore been managed by the incumbent, or by the incumbent and the churchwardens." The incumbent's and churchwardens' privileges are summed up in the order that they shall "respectively conform to all lawful orders made by the Church Board under this Act," with an appeal to the Bishop, the effect of which of course must be to obliterate the safeguards of the parochial system by placing the Bishop face to face with every parish in the person of those parishioners who may know least and care least for the Church except as a something to worry. The unfortunate incumbent in the meanwhile, stripped of everything which used to give him heart and interest in his church, will be reduced to a clerk in the common no less than the technical sense of the word, as he will only be there to say Amen to all the eccentricities of the Board.

Such a measure, of course, would be nothing unless it were despotic, so the persuasions proposed to win compliance from unwilling parsons are the apostolic expedients of suspension and deprivation. We presume that it must be by pure accident that the further provision was not added, "That whereas the clergy of the Church of England have hitherto been gentlemen, owing to their confidence that their ministrations would be conducted in compliance with the well-understood condition that a gentleman expects when placed in a responsible position to enjoy the confidence and exercise the powers congruous to that position; and whereas the Boards as herein constituted withdraw such confidence and assume such powers; and whereas it is not desirable wholly to expel gentlemen from the ministry of the Church of England, it shall be lawful, on any avoidance of the living, for the Church Board to select some one, being a gentleman, to succeed to the vacancy, and on his refusing he shall be liable to fine and imprisonment at the discretion of the said Board."

Those who have studied the anatomy of morbid human nature tell us that it is the manifest destiny of fads to embody themselves in Committees and office-bearers, and the followers of Mr. Grey conform to the law by crystallizing themselves into a "National Church Reform Union," with a Manchester branch. The central

body, comprising some persons whose opinions are more valuable to themselves than to any one else, and one or two whom we are surprised to see embarked on such a voyage, wisely avoids statistics, while it occasionally makes its existence known by a sentimental appeal from Canon Fremantle, or some fledgling reformer's little chirp of protest. The Manchester branch, which is honoured by the vice-chairmanship of the ubiquitous Mr. Thomas Hughes, is more bold, for it ventures into figures, and from them we learn that while the Committee, including officers, numbers nineteen members, it is supported by a list of donations and another of subscriptions. The donations are those of ten generous friends, and they amount to 58*l.* 18*s.*, of which 25*l.* are the gift of the chairman, while there are eight subscriptions amounting to 24*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*, of which 20*l.* come from two subscribers. The great heart of Cottonopolis does not seem yet stirred to its depths in the cause of National Church Reform.

Gnats and midges have the power of inflicting annoyance quite incommensurate with their size or their place in the order of creation. So, although we refuse to believe that the National Church Reform Union ever can really exercise influence, we are quite prepared to see it active in giving petty trouble, and we therefore believe it is worth while to expose the preposterous pretensions and chaotic scheme of action of a fussy clique. It is no excuse for it to allege that the clergyman who understands his position and the temper of the age ought to take counsel in some systematic way with his flock. Of course he ought, and in a continually increasing ratio the clergy do so. But according to circumstances they either find their advisers in the old constitutional machinery of churchwardens and vestry, or else they organize their own informal conference according to the local circumstances of each particular parish. This spontaneous growth of free intercourse between pastor and parishioners is an unmixed good, while we should be disposed to predicate unmixed evil for Mr. Albert Grey's caricature of the most mischievous characteristics of doctrinaire republicanism.

DICK OF DEVONSHIRE.

WE have been reminded (*à propos* of a notice of Glanville's *Voyage to Cadiz* which appeared in the *Saturday Review* of August 9) of a batch of curious literature relating to the same events, but of which Richard Pike or Peeke (for his name is spelt both ways) is the immediate hero. The batch itself is, as has been said, curious, and it is remarkably characteristic both of the literature and the temper of its time. The centre part of it consists of a short tract, written by Peeke himself, and printed very soon after the events, under the title of "Three to One: Being, An English-Spanish Combat, Performed by a Western Gentleman, of Tavistock in Devonshire, with an English Quarter-Staffe, against Three Spanish Rapiers and Poniards, at Sherries in Spaine," with a good deal more. This prose tract is concluded by a long commendatory poem, or rather a verse abstract of its contents, which has been attributed to Davies of Hereford. Mr. Arber reprinted it in the first volume of his *English Garner*, but without keeping the spelling; and about five years ago Mr. J. Brooking Rowe, of Plympton, privately printed a kind of *résumé* of the original, with abundant extracts in the original spelling, and a facsimile of the title-page, where Peeke is bestriding one Spaniard and holding the other two in play with his quarter-staff. But Mr. Rowe does not seem to have been, or to be, aware of an almost more curious document on the subject—the anonymous play of *Dick of Devonshire*. This, indeed, when he printed his tract five years ago, was still in manuscript, and though it was last year published in Mr. A. H. Bullen's invaluable collection of Old Plays, that collection, being printed by subscription and in comparatively small numbers, is not so well known as it ought to be. It completes the set, as we may call it, of prose tract, verse ballad (for Davies's, if it be Davies's, poem is very much of the halfpenny ballad style), and dramatic working-up which, in the absence of periodicals, corresponded for those days to the present handling of such subjects in newspaper and magazine articles. The whole is thus a literary curiosity of a certain kind, not to mention that the play, at least, is very far from despicable as literature. But Dick himself is interesting enough in all conscience, and his exploits, which are recounted nearly in the same form in tract, poem, and play, and are told with a quaint mixture of simplicity and *vantardise* (it would be a shame to call it bragging), show well enough that, if the repute of English arms fell somewhat in the seventeenth century, it was not the fault of the men. Dick's delightfully schoolboy determination to go wool-gathering into an enemy's country in search of "oranges and lymons" (a proceeding which he excused to himself "because I had a desire to present some of these fruites to my captaine") is only one of a score of little touches quite as vivid and documentary as the actual fighting, which is nearly as good as Captain John Smith's and a good deal less romancesque.

Richard Peeke was a gentleman of Tavistock, and that is pretty nearly all that is known about him except the exploits recorded in the documents now surveyed, the authenticity of which is, however, verifiable from other sources. He served as a gentleman volunteer in the Algerian expedition of 1621, but he gives no account of his experiences there except that he came home from his "Argeires voyage" with "my body more wasted and weather-beaten, but my purse neuer the fuller nor my pockets thicker lined." In 1625 he was a married man and had children. But

the announcement of the Cadiz voyage was quite enough for him, and off he went to join the "heroicall spirits" who were to venture their "honors, liues, and fortunes." Whether they all did this in quest of oranges and lymons Peeke does not mention. He sailed in the *Concertine*, Captain Thomas Porter, and the play gives her a share in the attack on Fort Pantal, which was made by "sixteen Dutch ships and about ten White Hallmen" (both tract and play interpret this phrase as meaning "colliers"; but why were colliers called White Hallmen? As a joke?) Then the army went up to Cadiz and made a mess of it, as all men know. Peeke meanwhile stayed with the fleet until his unlucky fancy for oranges and lymons came upon him. He met some fellow-botanists, who told him that all was safe, and (in the play at least) proceeded to covet his neighbour's land. "I would I had a matter or a mannour, indeed" (says Peeke, who was evidently a wag, as wags went in the days of Eliza and our James), "of 1,000 acres of these woodlands, and room to set it in Devonshire," out of which, of course, no good Devonshireman would live if he could help it. These speculations, however, were interrupted by things not so pleasant as oranges and lymons. The explorer came suddenly on the dead bodies of three Englishmen, near to which another was just giving up the ghost, and while he was casting about for means to rescue this latter, a Spanish horseman, one Don Juan of Cales, rushed upon him. Of course Dick was not afraid of a single Spanish horseman, and this is the way he vindicated the honour of the West country:—

Five or six Skirmishes wee had, and for a pretty while, fought off and on.

At last, I getting with much adoe, to the top of a sandy Hillock the Horseman nimble followed up after: By good Fortune to me, (though bad to himselfe) he had no Petronell or Pistolls about him; and therefore clapping Spurres to his Horsesides, his intent as it seemed, was, with full carriere to ride ouer me, and trample me vnder his Horse's feet: But a Providence greater than his Fury was my Guard.

Time was it for me to looke about warily, and to lay about lustely, to defend a poor Life so hardly distressed; As therefore his Horse was violently breaking in vpon me I struck him into the eyes, with a flappe of my Cloake; vpon which turning sideward, I took my aduantage and as redily as I could, stepping in, it pleased God that I should pluck my Enemy downe, and haue him at my Mercy, for Life, which notwithstanding, I gaue him: He falling on his knees and crying out in French to me, *Pardone moy le vous prie, Je suis un buon chrestien.* Pardon me Sir, I am a good Christian.

I seeing him braue and hauing a soldier's minde to Riffe him, I searched for Jewels, but found, onely fise Peices of Eight about him in all, amounting to twenty Shillings English. Yet he had Gold, but that I could not come by; For I was in hast to haue sent his Spanish Knight-hood home on Foote and to haue taught his Horse an English pace.

Thus farre, my Voyage for Oranges sped well, but in the end proved sower Sawce to me. And it is harder to keepe a victory then to obteyne: So, heere it fell out with mine.

This moral reflection leads to the appearance of fourteen Spanish musketeers (the play reduces them to twelve), and Dick, like a sensible Englishman who never pretended to fight more than six enemies at once, surrenders. Whereupon his late captive basely ran him through both cheeks, to the great scandal of the fourteen musketeers and the horror of the equally chivalrous Spanish officers. Nor was this the only foul blow which poor Dick suffered. For as he was led in triumph through the streets of Cadiz a rascally "Flemming" ran a halbert into "the reynes of his backe at the least foure inches." The Spanish authorities, however, though they would not accept Captain Porter's offer of a ransom, treated Dick very well, and had his unhandomely-given wounds properly attended to. The play here interleaves a romantic episode, in which Donna Catalina, Don John's wife, endeavours to make atonement for her husband's misconduct—a proceeding which, though it is meant and carried on *en tout bien tout honneur*, the jealous Don not unaturally misunderstands.

Dick's great feats, however, were performed, not at Cadiz, but at "Sherries," whither he was sent for examination. After some not uninteresting details, illustrating the sharp look-out kept by the Spaniards on the state of England's fleet and defences, both of which seem to have been, as usual, in a poor way, and after a little waggery about "English hens" and "Spanish chickens," "Duke Medyna with a brow half angry asks" Pike whether he dare fight with one of these Spanish pullets. Rapier and dagger are the arms first named, and Dick, "catching the rapier betwixt the barres of my poniard," has his enemy by the heels in no time, being obviously a good wraxling man, as a Tavistock man ought to be. The Duke then proposes another bout, but Dick objects. What follows shall be given from the play, as the first extract was from the tract:—

Pike. I'me in the Lyon's gripe, and to get from him
There's but one way: that's deathe.
Mac. English, what say you? Will you fight or no?

Pike. He fight.
All. Give 'em roome! make way there!
Pike. He fight till every Joynt be cutt in pieces
To please such brave spectators: yes He fight
While I can stand, be you but pleased my Lords
The Noble Dukes here, to allow me choice
Of my owne Country weapon.

All. What?
Pike. A quarter-staffe—this, were the head off.
Mac. Off with the head and roome!
How dost thou like this Spaniard?

Pike. Well, he's welcome.
Here's my old trusty friend: are there no more?
One! what, but one? why I shall make no play
No sport before my princely Judges with one.
More sakes to the Mill! come another! what, no more?
Mac. How many wouldst thou have?

Pike. Any number under six.
All. Ha, ha, sure he's mad!
Mac. Dar'st coope with Three?
Pike. Where are they? let 'em show their faces so; welcome!
Mac. How dost thou like these chickens?
Pike. When I have drest them
 With sorrell sopps Ile tell you.

Lady. Now guard him heaven!
(Drums. They fight. One is killed, the other a disarmed.)

After this all, as far as Dick is concerned, goes more than merrily. "Duke Medyna" (he is Macada in the play), the "Marquis D'Alquevizes," and others load him with presents; he is sent up to Madrid to see the King, and is handsomely entertained. His Majesty offers him a yearly pension, which of course Dick refuses, being "a subject only to the King of England my sovereign"; and so he is let go, and returns to England, Home, and Beauty through France, where, by the way, he keeps his hand in with another little fight with the Spaniards, "leaping upon the table and drawing" against seven Spaniards, of whom, however, as Dick very honestly tells us, six were not armed, though he thought they were. Thus he got safe to Fowey on "the three and twenty day of April 1626." The play seems to send him home by sea from Cadiz straight.

The most curious and characteristic thing about this play, however, is the way in which Dick's adventures are brought in to give title and English interest to a romantic drama with which they have scarcely the remotest connexion. Mr. Bullen is inclined to father *Dick of Devonshire* on Heywood, a rather specious attribution, which we, relying on some not inconsiderable reading of the Elizabethan drama, are not wholly inclined to accept. The daughter of the Governor of Cales is affianced to Henrico Guzman. The siege gives the lover a dangerous opportunity, and Henrico, who appears to be a very respectable person at first, by one of the sudden and scarcely natural changes common in all Elizabethan dramatists, except Shakspeare, becomes a complete ruffian, offers violence to the lady, treats her subsequently with the vilest insult, and forms a plot to take his elder brother's life. This business, out of which Master Henrico gets much better than he deserves, forms the main subject of the play, which is diversified by the humours of one Buzzano, a comic accomplice of Henrico's. This personage is sometimes very dull, but at other times rather good, as when, his master having threatened him with vengeance, if he reveals his crime even in his sleep, remarks, "Hum! It will not be safe to dream of a knave shortly!" Some of the serious verse is really pathetic, and there is a most spirited description of Drake in a dialogue between two "Sherries" merchants as to the cause of the enmity between Spain and England:—

That glory of his country, and Spaynes terror,
 That wonder of the land and the seas minion,
 Drake, of eternall memory, harrowed th' Indies.

Again, that the author, whoever he was, knew his politics is clear from a sly hit at Glanville. When the latter, who is apparently introduced as "Secretary," remarks that the refusal of Peeke's ransom seems to show that the Spaniards hold him for "a baronet at least," the captain retorts, "Or perhaps, Mr. Secretary, some remarkable Common wealth's man, a politician in government," which, if Glanville had not been, or had not been thought to be, he would have been spared his involuntary voyage.

But though the play is far from uninteresting as a romantic tragi-comedy, its chief interest must be held to be its display of and its connexion with the story of its nominal hero, Three-to-One Dick of Devonshire, "Manly Peeke of Tavistock," of whose likes may the breed never die out in England.

THE GROWTH OF LOCAL TAXATION.

FINANCIAL optimism is the undisputed creed of the present generation of Englishmen. In all directions, upon all mundane subjects, in every department of human affairs, optimism is naturally a popular doctrine. In this last quarter of the nineteenth century the prophets of smooth things occupy an impregnable vantage-ground, with a pleasant outlook in every direction. The spread of the English race, the expansion of our colonies, the growth of our wealth, the progress of science, and its multifarious applications to industry, leave the pessimist with little to say, and saying that little to deaf ears. The part of Cassandra has seldom been more ungrateful than now. But upon finance above all, the optimists have had their own way unchecked and uncontradicted. A constantly growing revenue, a vast reduction of taxation, an unprecedented diminution of debt, surely justify complacency. Our financiers have been too successful to boast of success. Surpluses are a matter of course; the question is only of their amount and application. On these matters all parties are agreed. The tone of Budget speeches is invariably not merely sanguine, but confident. If Sir Stafford Northcote's description of the situation be less eloquent and glowing than Mr. Gladstone's, if Mr. Childers chants his psalm in a somewhat lower key than Mr. Lowe, the difference is one of temperament, or at most of special circumstances—a little war or a warm summer. To challenge a judgment so authoritative and so unanimous, to raise the discordant note of warning amid such a chorus of triumph, seems the very extravagance of pessimist perversity. Cassandra herself dare not find a flaw in the soundness of our financial prosperity; dare not deny that our total taxation has been steadily and enormously reduced; still

less affirm that, despite six millions applied in a single year to the payment of debt, despite the Ministerial plan accepted by Parliament for paying off over 130 millions in the next twenty years, our total indebtedness has increased and is increasing at an alarming rate. Yet that which seems too wild for wilful paradox is literal truth; what Cassandra dare not suggest is recorded in accessible Blue-books and statistical tables.

Since 1867-8 the National Debt, including the capital value of annuities, has been reduced by 43 millions. But the total amount of our obligations has increased in the same period by at least 45 millions, and probably by a good deal more. The annual charge of "the Debt" had risen between 1862 and 1882 from 26½ to 29½ millions; we are paying, that is to say, an increased taxation of 3 millions that we may reduce for the benefit of posterity the burden which our fathers bequeathed to us. Every temporary addition to the National Debt is closely and vigilantly scanned. The Minister who, save under obvious and pressing necessity, ventures to borrow, though but for two or three years, a couple of millions sterling, is sharply questioned and loses distinctly in Parliamentary and popular esteem. The reduction of debt, not merely by the application of the annual surplus, but by taxation raised for that express purpose, is our accepted national policy. Liberal and Tory financiers vie with one another in devotion to this end. Yet at the same time we are allowing irresponsible, unobserved, comparatively inexperienced and ignorant men, subject to no real or effective supervision, to undo, and more than undo, the laborious work of responsible statesmen; to counteract the fiscal policy of the country, to heap up, year by year, heavier burdens than those which Parliament is so anxious, at a heavy cost to the present generation of taxpayers, to diminish. In 1867-8 the local debt of England and Wales alone was but 33 millions; in 1881-2 it had reached and exceeded 120 millions! That is, in fourteen years the innumerable Councils, Boards, and Commissions which control our parochial, municipal, and district expenditure had incurred a debt of more than 87 millions—twice as much as successive Chancellors of the Exchequer had in the same time paid off. Nor has there been any proportionate increase in the wealth which has to bear this enormous load. In the same period the rateable value had increased only by 39 per cent.; while the rates had risen 70 per cent., the expenditure had been doubled, and the outstanding debt increased by more than 360 per cent., or three and a half-fold. The entire rateable value of England and Wales in the last year of the period fell short of 140 millions; while the debt amounted to 120, or more than six-sevenths of the income of the property liable for it. Our national taxation, apart from the Post Office and other similar sources of revenue, may be roughly taken at 70 millions. That levied by the local authorities of all sorts—of course subject to audit, but in practical secrecy, and without observation or control—does not fall short of 28 millions in England and Wales alone. The national expenditure, properly so called, has never exceeded 80 millions in time of peace; the local expenditure of England and Wales in 1881-2 exceeded 50 millions.

But it is the increase even more than the amount of expenditure and debt that deserves attention. Fourteen years ago the costly tendencies of modern legislation had already begun, and more than begun, to take effect. The new standard of sanitary requirements, new systems of sewerage and drainage, town improvements, modern ideas of decency and comfort, especially as regards the dwellings of the poor, were already brought to bear; and the practice of throwing the whole or nearly the whole of the burden upon the unhappy ratepayers—that is to say, immediately upon the occupiers and ultimately upon the owners of land and houses—had been fully adopted. The comparison, then, is not in any wise unfair or misleading. It goes back to no remote date, to no antiquated standard. Neither the demands nor the resources, nor yet the method by which the former are to be met and the latter economized, or the reverse, have undergone any substantial change during the period in question. There is no reason to hope that we have seen the worst, that the growth either of expenditure or debt between 1868 and 1882 was in any wise abnormal, however extravagant. True, the Education Act of 1871 introduced a new element of local expenditure, imposed a burden so onerous and so obviously Imperial in character that Ministers and Parliament were obliged for very shame to share the load; to throw but a portion of the cost on that single unlucky class, the owners and tenants of realty, who have borne nearly the whole expense of modern philanthropy. To go back only to 1873-4, when the Education Act was already at work, the rates increased in eight years from 19½ to 28 millions, the expenditure from 31 to 50 millions, and the debt from 60 to 120 millions. In the last three years for which the returns are accessible the rates increased by more than 1 million, the expenditure by nearly 2 millions, and the debt by more than 6 millions annually. In ten years the local loans authorized by Parliament or the Local Government Board amounted to no less than 58½ millions. The annual increment in 1872 was little more than 3 millions, in 1875 8 millions, in 1879 9 millions, in 1880 7½ millions, in 1881 less than 4, and in 1882 about 4½ millions. These figures, however, are exclusive of sums borrowed by the issue of perpetual annuities, or under Acts for the purchase of particular undertakings where the price was not fixed by Parliament. Nor must it be supposed that these sums have been borrowed for short periods only, or that taxation has been swelled by provision for early repayment. At first the loans authorized were for thirty or thirty-five years; lately the term has been extended to sixty, and even to a hundred.

If this general view of the state of local finances be unsatisfactory and alarming, a reference to particular examples has no reassuring effect. The only local authorities whose fiscal management appears to have been economical, which have neither incurred debt nor burdened the ratepayers with exorbitant immediate demands, are those against whose arbitrary power Radical doctrinaires most bitterly declaims, and whom Liberal policy has marked for proximate extinction. While the elective authorities of the towns have proceeded to increase taxation and to heap up debt on an imperial scale, as if corporations had not only neither soul nor body to protect, but neither constituents nor posterity to consider, the justices in Quarter Sessions have administered the county finances with signal and exceptional frugality. The rates levied by them have increased only from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions, their debt from 2·7 to 4·4 millions. The model municipalities, on whose achievements the Radicals dwell with pride, and which they hold up as examples to less enterprising or more easily contented communities, present a striking contrast to the modest budgets of the counties. Without colonial resources or colonial powers of expansion, they have borrowed at much more than a colonial rate. Birmingham, with a total rateable value of $1\frac{1}{2}$ million, owes no less than 7 millions; that is, supposing her municipal taxation to be six-and-eightpence in the pound (a monstrous taxation), her debt already amounts to fourteen years' revenue! Leeds, Bradford, Bolton, and Leicester owe four times their rateable value, which, taking the average rate of four shillings in the pound, would be twenty times their revenue. Manchester, famous in older and better days for the efficiency of her municipal government, owes about 2½ years' rateable value; Salford a little less; while Liverpool, with nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions of taxable income, owes 5 millions only. These three cities, moreover, own, we believe, very extensive and valuable municipal property, waterworks, docks, &c., which may more than counterveil their debt. Of 240 boroughs, 94 already owe more than one year's rateable value; while the total taxation of the counties is under 7 per cent., and their total debt about 8 per cent. on the same. Nor is the contrast quite so unaccountable as it may seem. If the members of Quarter Sessions are not elected, they are in a very real sense responsible—responsible not to a practically untaxed populace, but to their own order and its immediate *clientèle*, to the gentry and farmers who pay the county rates. The municipal councillors of Birmingham, though the elect of the people, are under no such check. Despite the plural vote of the larger ratepayers, they are swamped by the vast multitude of compound householders, who contribute not a penny to the revenue, and benefit largely by the expenditure. The outlay of Birmingham upon schools and other institutions for the almost exclusive benefit of the working classes has been eulogized as generous or denounced as prodigal. Which epithet it really deserves depends partly on the question whose money the patriotic Mayor and Council are expending, and partly perhaps on their motives. The latter, of course, are subject to no human scrutiny; and precisely for that reason it was held till lately unsafe to divorce taxation from representation because the elect of the poor are naturally and sorely tempted to purchase popularity out of a public purse replenished chiefly or exclusively by the comparatively rich. But we have changed our ideas in this respect, and our local budgets bear testimony to the consequences of the change.

DO WE WANT A BISHOP OF JERUSALEM?

THE Bishopric of Jerusalem, which practically ceased to exist three years ago with the death of Dr. Barclay, is again exhibiting signs of what may be called subjective animation. Most people had imagined that by this time it was "dead as a doornail," and there were probably not very many, either in England or in Germany, to regret that its early but not premature decline had issued in dissolution. Distrusted as it was from the first, and chiefly remarkable in its origin for its indirect effect in precipitating an ecclesiastical catastrophe at home, the crude and ill-omened device of the late King of Prussia and Baron Bunsen had never really developed—to cite the alleged peroration of a maiden speech at the Cambridge Union—"the least spark of life, or the slightest scintillation of existence." It had been active, so far as it displayed any kind of activity, only for mischief, and had done no good to Christians, Jews, or Turks, all of whom it was, according to the design of its authors, intended somehow to benefit. It had not formed a great centre of Protestant Christianity, a sort of Oriental international anti-Roman Papacy, which was Bunsen's dearest wish; it had neither promoted friendly relations with the Eastern Church, as one class of its English advocates desired, nor succeeded, according to the wishes of another with whom Bishop Gobat was entirely in sympathy, in converting the "idolatrous" Easterns from the error of their ways; and it need hardly be said that it had failed to irradiate either Jews or Turks with the pure light of Evangelical truth. In short, it had been conspicuous only as a failure all along the line. It had kindled many heart-burnings, and stirred much ill-blood, but had fulfilled none of the hopes of its founders, while it had just enough vitality feebly to justify the fears of its opponents. When Bishop Gobat died after some thirty years of a meddlesome and mischievous episcopate, there prevailed a very general belief that the English Government would decline to name a successor; and on the death of Bishop Barclay, after a very brief term of office, it was announced that the Prussian Government, whose turn it then was to nominate, had so declined. Nothing

could seem more natural. Both Bunsen and his royal master, if not theologians, were dabblers in theology, and had religious crotchets of their own which, however fanciful and foolish, were from their own point of view intelligible. But a new king has since then arisen in the land who knows not Joseph, and if Prince Bismarck is as sound a Protestant as Bunsen, his Protestantism is of a more political type, and is wholly free from any element of what may without offence be designated ecumenical priggishness. He has in his own fashion combated Rome, but he would be the last man to select Jerusalem as the vantage ground of a new ecclesiastical crusade, nor is he likely to be interested in schemes for the reconstruction of the German Evangelical Church on the basis of a modified episcopacy. He may fairly be presumed to regard the "devout imagination" of Frederick William and Bunsen with a feeling at best of amusement not perhaps unmingled with contempt.

It was therefore rather surprising to be told the other day that after long delay the Prussian Government was moving in the matter, and desired to appoint a successor to Bishop Barclay, but wished first to secure a readjustment of the original compact, according to which he was bound to receive episcopal consecration in England. That such a requirement is inconsistent with the principle—clearly implied in other parts of the arrangement—of an ecclesiastical parity and intercommunion between the Anglican and German-Protestant Churches is obvious on the face of it. If the Bishop is to ordain German candidates for the ministry on their signing the Confession of Augsburg, and to take under his jurisdiction German ministers who have received ordination—of course not episcopal—from their own Communion, it seems unreasonable to insist on his own episcopal consecration as an essential condition of the office. At the same time, even if there is any truth in the current rumour—and it may turn out to be a mere canard—it is difficult to believe that the Prussian Government is really making, as has been alleged, "vigorous efforts" to remodel the compact with our own about the Jerusalem bishop on the understanding that he is to be alternately consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury and by the Consistory of the Evangelical Church; and it is quite impossible to believe that such efforts can lead to any practical result. Theology is not indeed the province of statesmen, and the wisest of them are apt, when they meddle with it, to make the most strange and sometimes ludicrous mistakes, from their proneness wholly to miscalculate the force of religious convictions. And we can readily understand that to a Prussian statesman the notion of any critical importance being attached to this or that particular form of ordination—except perhaps in the Roman Catholic Church, which is the natural home of suchlike superstitious puerilities—would appear too absurd to come within the range of practical politics. There seems to be something incongruous and a little humiliating in a bishop who is named and commissioned by the Prussian Government having to seek consecration, and even priestly ordination, if not already in priest's orders, from the Church of England. As the two countries take an equal share in paying the salary, it appears only natural for them to claim an equal share both in the selection and religious equipment of the occupant of the See. The answer of course is that for the English Church to assent to such a proposal would involve a public and official recognition on her part of non-episcopal orders. And if the Jerusalem scheme in its original form provoked a bitter controversy and precipitated a crisis under which, according to a high authority in such matters, "the Church of England has been reeling ever since," it requires no special foresight to predict that the remodelling of that scheme in the manner said to have been suggested would lead to nothing short of a schism. This is not the place to enter on the abstract merits of the question at issue. It is quite enough to bear in mind that the necessity of episcopal ordination has always in fact been the dominant tradition of the English Church, and is assumed as such in the Prayer-book, and cherished as a matter of vital importance by a large number of her members, clerical and lay. Apart from all theological considerations, a solution of the problem which ignores these patent facts is obviously impracticable. To reply that the Anglo-Prussian bishopric in its existing, or rather late existing, form is a hybrid and one-sided arrangement is a perfectly just indictment against its inception, and an excellent reason, not for remodelling, but for abolishing it. On that point we have more than once before had occasion to dwell, and there is no need to repeat arguments with which our readers must be already familiar, and which, so far as we are aware, remain unanswered. A counterplea however has been set up during the last few weeks, from two very different points of view, for a reconstruction of the original design on entirely new lines. That Bunsen's idea has proved, and was sure to prove, a failure, is not denied, and it is frankly admitted that the proposed closer amalgamation with the Prussian Church does not offer even a possible basis for future operations. But it is suggested that the Prussian Government should, if it pleases, take over its own half of the endowment and have a bishop of its own at Jerusalem, but that we also should maintain a bishop there for Anglican purposes. In their conception however of the nature of the functions of the new Anglican prelate—for his creation would be really a new departure—the rival advocates of this scheme are most widely disagreed. That their proposals are more plausible, or at least less dreamy and irrational, than Bunsen's, may be allowed. But a few words will suffice to show that they have no sufficient justification.

According to one party the special work of the new bishop is to be the conversion of Jews and Turks, and they urge in favour of it that a considerable work of this kind has already been carried

on in Palestine. We have not a word to say against any zealous missionaries who may feel called to devote themselves to this charitable work, but we may be permitted to observe that, according to all trustworthy evidence, there is only one thing rarer in the present age than the conversion of a Jew, and that is the conversion of a Mahometan. As to the success of such efforts in Palestine, Mr. Courtenay the other day gave the following statistics in the *Times*:—

The Church Missionary Society has carried on missions to the latter, ostensibly at least, for the last 33 years, have expended upwards of 120,000*l.* upon them in the aggregate, and have never made a convert, as can be proved from their own papers. The London Jews' Society, during the six years subsequent to 1876, notwithstanding an average expenditure of 5,000*l.* upon the Jerusalem mission, failed to convert a single Jew. In their report for 1883-4 they say that they baptized four persons; but I share your incredulity about their respectability, and cannot forget that, according to their own published reports, they collected in England in 1882 and 1883 upwards of 5,000*l.* for feeding and clothing, in Jerusalem, starving Jewish refugees from Russia and elsewhere.

He thinks it "for the credit of the Church, as well as for the honour and future independence of the bishopric of Jerusalem," that there should be a searching inquiry into these missions. Most people probably will be of opinion that it is not for the credit of the Church to maintain a bishop of Jerusalem for a purpose so manifestly futile. There is more show of reason in the other proposal that, as the Bishop of Gibraltar exercises jurisdiction over Anglican congregations in the West of Europe, there should be a Bishop of Jerusalem to discharge a similar office for the East. Here at least we get out of ecclesiastical dreamland into the region of common sense. But to this proposal also there are obvious and decisive objections. Supposing another bishop to be wanted for the superintendence of the Anglo-Continental Church—a question which must be discussed on its own merits, and cannot be parenthetically treated here—why should he be placed at Jerusalem? For practical convenience it is by no means the most suitable locality, and the historical grandeur of the sonorous title is not a recommendation but the reverse. It is argued that as the Greek and Latin Churches have a bishop at Jerusalem, why should there not be an Anglican one to compete with them? But the argument betrays a strange ignorance alike of history and of ecclesiastical principle. As regards the Latin Church, it is enough to say that it claims universal jurisdiction over the whole world, and has therefore a perfect right on its own principles to establish bishops or patriarchs—we are not sure whether the Latin prelate at Jerusalem is a patriarch—wherever it pleases. The claim may be disputed, but the practice is only consistent with it. As regards the Eastern Church, the case is still simpler. It claims exclusive jurisdiction throughout the East, which is administered under four patriarchates, and from the middle of the fifth century, when his rights were formally ratified by the Council of Chalcedon, there has been a Patriarch of Jerusalem. He is confronted by a Latin rival simply because the Latin Church refuses to admit anywhere any jurisdiction but her own; but the English Church neither claims, like Rome, universal dominion, nor disputes with Rome the rights of the Eastern Church. There is therefore on her own principles no *locus standi* for an English bishop at Jerusalem, which is not, and never has been, English territory. As regards local duties, it has been shown again and again that there are none for which a British chaplain would not amply suffice. And when it has been decided that a second bishop is required for the superintendence of continental chaplaincies, it will be time enough to consider where he may be most conveniently located. Meanwhile if there is one place where, on all grounds, theoretical and practical, it would not be desirable to establish his episcopal throne, that place is Jerusalem.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

THE close of what in military parlance is known as the drill season suggests a few thoughts about the Volunteers who have attended camps of instruction and performed other martial exercises with their accustomed regularity. The force shows no signs of diminishing vitality, but holds its own steadily and well. Occasional murmurs are, however, beginning to make themselves heard from Volunteers themselves to the effect that it does not receive the amount of official recognition and support that are due to its increasing efficiency and solid organization. The position of the Volunteers is certainly somewhat peculiar. It is getting on for thirty years since it first sprang into sudden existence; so sudden, in fact, that it was generally regarded at first as a mere patriotic spasm which would quickly pass away. Time, however, passed away, but the movement did not; on the contrary, it gained strength and solidity. The public alternately supported and derided it, while the professional soldier regarded it with gracious condescension not altogether free from a tinge of contempt. Still, through good report and evil report the Volunteers held the even tenor of their way, neither allowing themselves to be unduly elevated by praise nor dejected by censure. A French critic, in a recent work upon England and her institutions, alluded sneeringly to the force on the ground that it had never been of any real service since it was formed, and that, as far as appearances could be trusted, the Volunteers might all die peaceably in their beds. It did not, apparently, occur to him that the avowed object of the Volunteers is that they and their civilian countrymen should

die peaceably in their beds; that in fact he was, all unwittingly, paying them the highest compliment he well could. But so it is; the services of the Volunteers have never yet been called into requisition, and up to the present they may fairly claim that their existence has justified itself. This, we think, brings us directly to the root of the complaints to which we have alluded. The country has enjoyed such perfect immunity from invasion, ever since the establishment of the force, that it now complacently accepts this security as a matter of course, sees no further cause for anxiety, and consequently no further necessity for improvement. This is precisely the state of things against which the Volunteer soul rebels. But a point appears to have been reached beyond which the Treasury will not go in the matter of expenditure. Successive concessions have been made in the shape of capitation and other grants, which, largely supplemented by the officers and by the counties to which the corps belong, have sufficed to meet all demands hitherto. It remains to be seen then whether, in the absence of any further pecuniary assistance—at any rate from the Government—something further may not yet be done towards the improvement of the force; whether, in fact, it is not possible to still provide fuel for the fire of professional zeal which burns as yet so brightly in the Volunteer force.

At present the weakest points in connexion with the Volunteers as a body are as follows:—(1) Discipline and interior economy of corps; (2) equipment; (3) marksmanship of infantry. With regard to the first point, we may observe that the term discipline, for Volunteer purposes, simply means order and regularity. With a body of respectable and law-abiding citizens it need never be harsh; nor need it be carried to the same pitch of strictness that necessarily prevails in the regular services. The present want of discipline in the force is more due to ignorance of the real meaning of the term than to any other cause. Properly understood, discipline means not merely obedience and attention to superiors on parade, but a proper system of responsibility from rank to rank; a proper division of duty and labour among all; a proper system for providing the men with their clothing, arms, equipments, food, and all things necessary for their subsistence and well-being. In a word, the term discipline should include the barrack-room or tent as well as the parade; it is quite as necessary in the administrative as in the tactical sense. Yet there is too much reason to fear that the art of administration to the bodily wants of their men is but little cultivated by officers, and even by non-commissioned officers of the Volunteers. They appear to think that their duties begin and end on the parade-ground or at the rifle-butts, the whole of the administrative work of a battalion being frequently thrown on the adjutant and permanent staff. It is no uncommon thing to see these latter when a Volunteer battalion takes its annual week in camp completely overwhelmed with work, while during the remainder of the year they are almost idle. This is distinctly wrong. The adjutant and permanent staff should devote some of this spare time to teaching the officers and non-commissioned officers what is known in the army as "interior economy," so that when occasion demanded the latter would be able to take their share of the work. We would therefore suggest that the present certificate of proficiency be altered to include this subject, for we fail to see how any officer or sergeant can justly be called proficient if he is entirely ignorant of orderly duty, has no knowledge whatever of the method of drawing stores and provisions, the arrangement of messes, keeping duty rosters, making out parade states, and the numerous other similar duties with which acquaintanceship is required the moment his battalion takes the field. Let the reader imagine a large house of business employing a thousand hands, of whom only about half a dozen were conversant with the regulations for working it. This exactly expresses the condition to which most Volunteer regiments would find themselves reduced were they suddenly called upon to take the field in earnest. The certificate of proficiency should certainly embrace the regulations issued for Volunteers in regimental camps and a few simple questions from the Queen's Regulations. If schools of instruction were formed at the headquarters of each regimental district, and orders issued in every garrison which would admit of a certain number of officers and non-commissioned officers from Volunteer battalions being attached to depôts of regular battalions for duty for a week or more, the knowledge they would acquire could not fail to improve the present state of discipline throughout the whole force. It is also a matter for consideration whether it would not be desirable to modify the Army Act, so that the Volunteers might be placed on exactly the same footing as the Yeomanry—that is, subject to military law when assembled for training in their own regimental camps, even when not brigaded with regular troops. Another point worth noting is that Volunteers have at present very few opportunities of learning their duties on guard. Could not an example which has recently been set be more frequently followed in the shape of allowing some of the guards in garrison towns to be furnished at stated intervals by Volunteers? This would create emulation among different corps in the matter of smartness on guard, and would, moreover, frequently afford the regular soldier a welcome relief in the shape of an extra "night in bed."

As regards equipment, some battalions are fairly well supplied, being richer in funds than others, but the majority are in anything but a satisfactory state. Could not a part-worn great-coat and a black kit-bag be issued by Government to every man who has completed, say, one hundred drills? These might be marked and issued by the quarter-master, to be returned into store when the owner

resigns. Some gradual measures of this kind would surely be better than to leave the task of suddenly equipping two hundred thousand Volunteers to the eve of an invasion. Lastly, we come to the marksmanship of the Volunteers, and we may as well begin by remarking that there is no point upon which the general public are so misinformed as upon Volunteer proficiency in the use of the rifle. Once a year the picked shots of corps appear at Wimbledon and astonish the world with an exhibition of shooting which is probably unequalled in any other country. But how is this marvellous shooting achieved? By dint of careful and continuous practice on the part of the few; while the great majority care little or nothing for shooting. The public will never have a fair criterion of the real efficiency of the Volunteer force until an absolutely complete muster of some given corps be made, and that corps put through the annual course of shooting performed by the regulars. Were this done, we fear the result would be startling. To say it would not compare with that of the line would be saying very little. Every man in the regular infantry must and does fire his given number of rounds annually, and thus every man can shoot to a certain extent. But in the Volunteers there are hundreds, nay thousands, of men who hardly ever shoot at all, and take no interest whatever in the subject. Here, inducements are clearly wanting, and we think that in this case the best inducement should be small pecuniary rewards. A small increase to the capitation grant might be held out to the privates and non-commissioned officers to encourage them to improve the results of the class-firing in general, while individual rewards might in addition be bestowed upon marksmen. These suggestions have been acted upon in more than one battalion, the rewards having been furnished from private sources, and the results have been most encouraging. But it is not creditable to the nation that everything that stimulates the Volunteers and tends to improve their efficiency should thus be left to private liberality. The force is either worth having or it is not; and if it is, it certainly appears deserving of more official recognition than it now receives.

JOHNSON'S MONUMENT IN ST. PAUL'S.

GOLDSMITH'S epitaph in Westminster Abbey ranks among the most famous in the world. It has permanently enriched literature by one memorable phrase, and it must ever recall the round robin under the safeguard of which Burke, Gibbon, Reynolds, and Sheridan alone ventured to approach Johnson with adverse, though not unfriendly, criticism. To Johnson's own epitaph in St. Paul's a very different kind of interest belongs. A man might be a fair scholar, and yet have not a little trouble in deciphering its pedantic jumble of dates, numerals, and Greek letters. When he had made it all out, he might well think that for his labour he had got but a very small return. Nevertheless, any one who knows its history cannot but look upon it with some kind of amusement; for it is a memorial not of Dr. Johnson's greatness, but of Dr. Parr's littleness. Not but that Parr had his merits also; unfortunately they were too often swallowed up and hidden in his ridiculous vanity. To the very place, moreover, in which the monument is set up a story belongs. Johnson lies buried in the Abbey between Garrick and Sheridan. Why was it not there that his statue was erected and his pompous epitaph inscribed? This, Malone tells us, was Sir Joshua's doing. In his *Journey to Flanders* Reynolds had lamented that sculpture languished in England, and was almost confined to monuments to eminent men. But even in these it had not fair play, for Westminster Abbey was so full that the recent monuments there appeared ridiculous, being stuck up in odd holes and corners. On the other hand, St. Paul's looked forlorn and desolate. Here, he said, monuments should be erected under the direction of the Royal Academy, who should determine the size of the figures and where they should be placed, so as to be ornamental to the building. Eight years after Reynolds had written this, and five years after the death of Johnson, "a select number of Dr. Johnson's friends," to use Boswell's words, met at Malone's house "to settle as to effectual measures for having a monument erected to him in Westminster Abbey." A subscription list was opened. Horace Walpole, with an insolence that was uncommon even in him—for he could be as insolent as any one when he chose—wrote to Miss Berry:—"Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Boswell have sent an ambling circular-letter to me begging for subscriptions for a monument for Dr. Johnson. . . . I would not deign to write an answer, but sent down word by my footman, as I would have done to parish officers with a brief, that I would not subscribe." Eleven hundred guineas nevertheless were raised. Reynolds meanwhile had not forgotten his scheme for the encouragement of sculpture and the adornment of our great Cathedral. "He exerted," says Malone, "all his influence with his friends to induce them to consent that the monument should be erected in St. Paul's. In conformity with these sentiments, he himself was buried in that Cathedral." Johnson's monument, therefore, recalls to us the attempt our great painter made to rescue St. Paul's from what he calls "its forlorn and desolate state." It is interesting, moreover, as the first in a famous series. The only pity is that it is in itself so little worthy of the man it commemorates and the place it holds.

Boswell died before either the statue was erected or the inscription completed. But he tells us that he understood that the epitaph had been written by "that great scholar and warm

admirer of Johnson, the Rev. Dr. Parr." Little did Boswell suspect, we imagine, that Parr had been asked by the publishers of Johnson's works to write the great man's Life. In his amusing vanity Parr, by the way, was as proud of this Life as if he had really written it. "It would have been," he said, "the best work I ever wrote. It would have contained a view of the literature of Europe, and it would have been the third most learned work that has ever yet appeared." To explain himself he afterwards added:—"The most learned work ever published I consider *Bentley On the Epistles of Phalaris*; the next, *Salmasius on the Hellenistic Language*." Alluding to Boswell's Life of Johnson he continued, "Mine should have been, not the droppings of his lips, but the history of his mind."

It was in the year 1791 that Parr was asked to write the epitaph. In reply he wrote to Sir Joshua:—"I am not without a most awful and most painful sense of the situation in which I stand." He was, he told another correspondent, "filled with confusion and dismay." To Mr. Fox he wrote, "My responsibility is indeed a fearful one." At last he plucked up courage for the mighty task, but he insisted that for the present the strictest secrecy should be observed as to his compliance. Four years passed before the statue was ready, and the epitaph had to be produced. Meanwhile he had prepared himself for the task "by reading nearly two thousand inscriptions; not," he said, "for the petty drudgery of gleaning scattered phrases, but for the nobler purpose of familiarizing my ear, my eye, and my mind to the general structure of the composition, and to the proper selection of topics." When all was ready a fresh difficulty started up. He had expected, he said, that his epitaph would not be exposed to criticism, but would be at once accepted as he wrote it. "The circumstances of the situation in which I stand," he wrote, "are so peculiar as to justify me in throwing off all dastardly reserve, and in supporting what I conceive to be my own rights with a high degree of delicacy, vigilance, and firmness." He yielded, however, and in the end did not insist that Burke, Reynolds, Fox, Windham, Malone, and Sir William Scott (Lord Stowell) should be bound to accept any man's epitaph, even Dr. Parr's, on trust. In the summer of 1791 Reynolds had written to him, "I confess I am somewhat impatient to see the inscription." It was not till the spring of 1795 that the great man could be induced to show it. It met with a very cold reception. In a letter to a friend whom he calls Ned he describes the inscription in its several stages. "First it stood thus:—

Samueli Johnson,
Grammatico Anglicano,
Magistro veræ virtutis
Homini optimo et singulari exempli."

Then followed four lines of dates and the conclusion almost as they stand now. It scarcely required, we should have thought, the perusal of nearly two thousand inscriptions to produce an epitaph that would not have provoked criticism had it been read on the tomb of the respectable Lindley Murray. If we put on one side the dates, it certainly answered the requirement laid down by Johnson that "an epitaph ought not to be longer than common beholders may be expected to have leisure and patience to peruse." To it most assuredly never could be applied the epigram quoted in the notes to the first *Dunciad*:—

Friend! in your epitaph I'm grieved
So very much is said;
One half will never be believed,
The other never read.

How long the inscription rested in this state Parr does not tell us; but some time in the course of the four years he thus expanded the second line into two:—

Grammatico et critico
Scriptorum Anglicorum litterate perito.

"More just and appropriate terms," he complacently added, "cannot be found." Unhappily for himself he thought that he ought to add, though much against his own judgment, some mention of Johnson's poetical character. "To my ear," he wrote, "disciplined as it is by the perusal of the best inscriptions, I have again and again appealed for the proportion of the rhythm. The result is that the epitaph must be injured by any mention whatsoever of Dr. Johnson as a poet." It was fortunate that his disciplined ear did not for the same reason reject Samueli, and insist on Johnson having been one of the old friends of our boyhood, Caius or Balbus. Once more he yielded and inserted "Probabili poetæ." "In arms," he wrote, "were all the Johnsonians, Malone, Steevens, Sir W. Scott, Windham, and even Fox, all in arms. The epithet was cold. They do not understand it, and I am a Scholar, not a Belles-Lettresman; an epitaph writer, not a panegyrist; a critic, not a partisan." The more they objected the more highly he thought of the epithet, till at last he wrote to Fox:—"I never reflected upon the word without an entire assent in its propriety, and I will venture to add, almost a triumphant feeling in its felicity." However, he again gave way, and "Probabili poetæ" became "Poetæ sententiarum et verborum ponderibus admirabili." "These words," he wrote, "are energetic, sonorous, and in point of Latin unexceptionable. But they fill one with a secret and invincible loathing; because they tend to introduce in the epitaph a character of magnificence." Later on he inserted "luminibus"—"Poetæ luminibus sententiarum, &c." "It is well done, boy," he wrote to his friend Ned in telling him of the change. At the same time he altered "Magistro veræ virtutis" into "Magistro virtutis gravissimo."

It was in vain that Malone, speaking for the Johnsonians, pointed out that "the universality of Johnson's knowledge, the

promptness of his mind in producing it on all occasions, and the vivid eloquence with which he clothed his thoughts, however suddenly called upon, formed a very distinguished part of the character of his genius, and place him on higher grounds than, perhaps, any other quality that can be named." What was all this to a well-disciplined ear? Moreover, Parr maintained that, if Johnson's skill in talk was mentioned, his roughness in contradiction could not be passed over in silence. In this he forgot what Johnson had said in his essay on Epitaphs, that "No man in them ought to be commended for virtues which he never possessed; but whoever is curious to know his faults must inquire after them in other places." He might well have been informed also of a saying of Johnson's which Boswell records, that "in lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath." It was in vain, also, that Sir Joshua begged that the marble might tell that Johnson was Professor of Ancient Literature to the Royal Academy, "as it was on this pretext that he had persuaded the Academicians to subscribe a hundred guineas." Bacon, the sculptor, begged that R.A. might be added to his name, but "very reluctantly agreed to its omission." Perhaps he would not have got even his name inscribed, had it not "sounded ominous" to Parr. The enraged sculptor, if altogether neglected, "might silly put the figure of a hog on the monument," just as Saurus and Batrachus, when they were not allowed to put their names on the temple they had built in Rome, scattered *σαῦραι* (lizards) and *βάτραχοι* (frogs) on the bases and capitals of the columns.

In the whole inscription it was not of Johnson but of Parr that the author was thinking. He was "recording it for the perusal of hostile as well as friendly contemporaries, of foreign scholars, of generations yet unborn, of readers *qui sine odio et sine amore judicabunt*." In the midst of his "fearful responsibility," of "his confusion and dismay," of his "most awful and painful sense of the situation in which he stood," a fresh trouble came upon him. "After I had written the epitaph," as he informed Ned, "Sir Joshua Reynolds told me there was a scroll. I was in a rage. A scroll! Why, Ned, this is a vile modern contrivance. I wanted one train of ideas. What could I do with a scroll? Johnson held it, and Johnson must speak in it. I thought of this his favourite maxim in the Life of Milton:—

"Ὅτι τοὶ ἐν μεγάροις κακὸν τ' ἀγαθὸν τε τέτυκται.

In Homer you know, and showing the excellence of Moral Philosophy. There Johnson and Socrates agree." He was referring to the passage in which Johnson criticizes "innovators" in education, who "seem to think that we are placed here to watch the growth of plants or the motions of the stars. Socrates was rather of opinion that what we had to learn was how to do good, and avoid evil." Then follows the line from Homer. Parr continues:—"Mr. Seward hearing of my difficulty, and no scholar, suggested the closing line in the *Rambler*; and had I looked there, I should have anticipated the suggestion." How delightful is the vanity here displayed! "Seward did indeed find the quotation," he seems to say, "but he is no scholar. Moreover, if I had looked in the right place, I should have been beforehand with him. So that his credit is none."

The last *Rambler* closes with a line in Dionysius's Periegesis and a couplet in which Johnson turns the Greek into English:—

Διτῶν ἐκ μακάρων ἀντάξιός ἐστι μοῖρῃ.

Celestial powers! that piety regard,
From you my labours wait their last reward.

Boswell in the Life laments over this conclusion. "*Celestial powers*," he says, "though proper in Pagan poetry, is ill-suited to Christianity." Not so thought Parr. "I adopted it," he says, "and gave Seward the praise. Oh! quoth Sir William Scott, *μακάρων* is heathenish, and the Dean and Chapter will hesitate. The more fools they, said I. But to prevent disputes I have altered it—

Ἐν μακάρεσσιν πόνοις ἀντάξιός ἐστι μοῖρῃ."

In this mixture of Greek and Latin another of the rules laid down by Johnson is broken. "It may be proper to remark," he says, in writing of Pope's epitaph on *Craggs*, "the absurdity of joining in the same inscription Latin and English, or verse and prose. If either language be preferable to the other, let that only be used; for no reason can be given why part of the information should be given in one tongue, and part in another, on a tomb more than in any other place, or any other occasion."

THE LAW OF BETTING.

MR. G. HERBERT STUTFIELD has written and Messrs. Waterlow have published a useful little book called *The Law Relating to Betting, Time Bargains, and Gaming*. The work is most appropriately dedicated to Mr. Justice Hawkins, who is as great an authority in the Jockey Club as on the judicial bench. The farrago of Mr. Stutfield's libel, to quote Juvenal as translated by Thackeray, comprises many of the affairs of men. It includes the betting-ring, the Stock Exchange, the club, and the counting-house. It discusses such divers questions as whether, after employing a man to bet for you, you may forbid him to pay; whether a sale of bank shares is vitiated by the failure of the bank; and whether a contract for the sale of next year's apple-crop is a good one. The subject is interesting, for it shows the sort of way in which the English law has grown to be what it is. In

certain parts of England it is the fashion to say of neglected children that they were not brought up, but dragged up. Something similar might be said about some branches of our very unsystematic jurisprudence. Many people, perhaps most people, think that betting is illegal in this country. It is not. But there is some foundation for the belief that it is; and an inquiry into the origin of that belief will not be altogether fruitless or unamusing. At Common Law—that is, before any statute was passed upon the point—wagers were not illegal, nor even void. In less technical language, people could not be punished for betting; and he who won a bet might sue the loser, just as he might sue for any other liability. The judges, however, who were more powerful a hundred years ago than they are now, did not like the trouble of deciding these matters. They thought it undignified, and they regarded it as a waste of time. So they put all such actions at the bottom of the list, there to await the final disposal of all arrears, to be heard when, as Lord Ellenborough put it, "the Courts had nothing better to do." In fact, they drove the betting world from the judgment-seat, and cared, like Gallio, for none of these things. Some remarkable exceptions were, however, even then introduced into the general rule. Thus a wager that a man would be convicted of forgery was held not to be enforceable, as tending to interfere with the course of justice. But, on the other hand, a wager that the House of Lords would reverse the decision of the Court of Chancery was considered good, and no doubt nowadays nothing could be a fairer subject for betting; but in the good old times when Lord Eldon sat, with a bishop and a lay peer, to confirm his own decisions, there was less opening for the glorious uncertainty of the law. When two men staked "a rump and dozen" on the question which of them was the elder, and the man who lost was sued, Sir James Mansfield decided that, "sitting there," he could not be expected to know what a rump and dozen meant. On being told that it signified "a good dinner and plenty of wine for all present," he decided, and was upheld by the Court in Banc in deciding, that the action would lie. But the Judges expressed a regret that they had allowed the case to be argued at all, and surely they might have followed the example of Gallio, J. It was further determined, and clearly in accordance with fair play, that a bet should not be actionable "where one party could determine the event in his own favour, as a wager by an attorney's clerk that he would not pass his examination." But *semble*, that if the clerk had bet that he would pass his examination, he might have recovered.

In the year 1845 it was attempted to put the law of wagering on a uniform and rational footing. By an Act then passed it was provided "that all contracts or agreements, whether by parol or in writing, by way of gaming or wagering shall be null and void, and no suit shall be brought or maintained in any court of law or equity to recover any sum of money or valuable thing alleged to be won upon any wager, or which should have been deposited in the hands of any person to abide the event on which any wager should have been made. Provided that this enactment shall not be deemed to apply to any subscription, contribution, or agreement to subscribe or contribute for or towards any plate, prize, or sum of money to be awarded to the winner or winners of any lawful game." This statute was a great step in advance. In it Parliament took up a definite and intelligible policy, consistent in itself, and not open to any obvious objection. Betting was not, it will be observed, made illegal. It was simply let severely alone. If people liked to bet, they were not to be punished. But bets were to be debts of honour, and as such not recoverable in a court of law. But the Judges were still left to decide what is a contract "by way of gaming or wagering," a thing not always very easy to do. For instance, in one case two men agreed to exchange mares, one giving the other half the price of his mare's first two races, or one-third of her price if she should be sold before she ran. This was held not to be a wager, "but only a means of assessing the price of the mare in certain events." But an "agreement for the purchase of a horse for 200*l.* if he trotted eighteen miles within an hour, and for a shilling if he failed," was held to be "simply a wager on a trotting match against time." Speculative sales are perfectly legal, and are continually enforced by the Courts. Indeed, it is difficult to see how there can ever have been any doubt on the subject, but for such Acts as the statute against engrossing, and Barnard's Act against the selling of public stocks not in the possession of the vendor. "Time bargains," properly so called, that is to say, agreements to sell at a future date whatever the market value may then be, are undoubtedly valid. "Difference bargains" are, however, another matter. Dealings in stocks, where it is understood that the principal shall not change hands, but that only the rise or fall shall be paid, are on the face of them void. But in most cases where they have come into Court they have turned on considerations quite apart from the legitimacy of the transactions themselves.

There is one very important point about the Act of 1843. It applies only to the wagering contract itself, and not to the agreements between principal and agent for the purpose of carrying such a contract out. The general rule may be stated in this way. If A makes a bet with B, and loses, B cannot sue A. If A employs C to bet for him with B, and C loses, neither A nor C can be sued by B. But if C has paid B, he can recover from A the money which was expended in pursuance of A's commission. Before the bet is determined, A can of course revoke C's authority. It has lately been decided that he cannot do so after the bet is determined against him. The case of *Read v. Anderson* is a very important authority

on this point; and it provoked, as will be seen, a conflict of judicial opinion. Read was a commission agent, and a member of Tattersall's. Anderson was in the habit of employing Read to bet for him, the betting being made in Read's name, and Read being, as Anderson knew, responsible for losses. Anderson telegraphed to Read to back certain horses for him, which Read did. The horses lost, and Anderson refused to pay on the ground that he ought to have been informed when the bets were on. Read paid the bets to the winners, to avoid becoming a defaulter under the rules of Tattersall's and the Jockey Club, and then sued Anderson. It was contended on Anderson's behalf, among other things, that Read's authority to pay the debts had been revoked. Mr. Justice Hawkins, who tried the case, found as a fact that the authority had not been revoked, and ruled as matter of law that the authority was irrevocable because Read had an interest in carrying it out, as otherwise he would have been liable to social penalties. An authority "coupled with an interest" is, as a general rule of law, irrevocable. The Court of Appeal affirmed the decision of Mr. Justice Hawkins by a majority of two to one. The Master of the Rolls, however, dissented, and gave judgment in favour of the defendant. He considered that as betting contracts were void, and as the only inconvenience to the agent consists in his being barred from pursuing a calling to which the law wholly objects, no promise could be implied that the authority should not be revoked. It is much easier to reconcile this view with the policy of the Act of 1845 than that which was taken by the majority of the Court. In the case of *Thacker v. Hardy*, which seems at first sight to point in the same direction, the contract was held not to be within the statute. Hardy employed Thacker to speculate for him on the Stock Exchange. Hardy knew the practice of the Stock Exchange, and that Thacker would be personally liable. But he trusted that Thacker would be able to arrange without having to pay more than differences, he himself not having funds to provide the principal sums. It was held that there was here no wagering within the statute at all, though even if there were the defendant would have been liable to indemnify the plaintiff.

The criminal law as to betting is more obscure and less rational than the civil. Mere betting is not, as we have said, illegal. But keeping a gaming-house is an indictable offence, and certain games are specified by statute as unlawful. These games are of various kinds, but it may be said generally that no game of mere skill is now unlawful. The whole question was exhaustively discussed some months ago in the case of the Park Club, of which Mr. Stutfield gives a full account. This was a proprietary club for playing baccarat, out of which the proprietor made a very large profit. The proprietor, the members of the committee, and some of the players were convicted before Sir James Ingham of unlawful gaming. In the Divisional Court the conviction of the players was quashed, and that of the others affirmed. Mr. Justice Hawkins gave judgment for the Crown on the ground that "gaming was the chief object of the club," and that "the social arrangements were quite ancillary to the gaming purposes." There were, according to his view, two questions for consideration. Was the Park Club a common gambling-house? Was baccarat an unlawful game? Both questions were answered by Mr. Justice Hawkins in the affirmative, the latter on the startling ground that baccarat is not a mere game of skill. No more, it may be remarked, is whist nor any game of cards. Mr. Stutfield points out, what is obvious enough, that this decision goes very much further than the case of Mr. Jenks and the Park Club; for it appears that either a common gambling-house or a place not being a common gambling-house, where unlawful games are played, may be the subject of prosecution and fine. Mr. Stutfield indulges in the usual commonplaces which do duty on such occasions. "The law wisely leaves much to the discretion of tribunals, lowest as well as highest." The argument, if pushed to its logical conclusion, would disprove the necessity of all law except the caprice of judges and magistrates. It seems desirable that Parliament should apply to betting as a crime the same reasonable process which it has brought to bear on betting as an amusement. Where gambling becomes a public nuisance it ought to be suppressed. Where it does not directly or indirectly interfere with the comfort of any one not concerned in it, we cannot see that it comes within the proper scope of the criminal law.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

NEWMARKET Heath was in excellent condition for racing, when *Zadig*, *Applause II.*, and *Provence* came out to run over the Rowley Mile for the first race of the so-called First October Meeting. *Zadig* and *Applause II.* had met at even weights at Windsor in June, when *Zadig* won by a neck after a very hard race. As *Zadig* had now 8 lbs. extra to carry, on public form *Applause II.* had a trifle the best of it; but it was rumoured that she had been beaten in a trial, so *Zadig* was made the favourite. Wood waited with *Applause II.* until reaching the Bushes, from which point of the race he gradually rode her up to *Zadig*, until, after leaving the Abingdon Bottom, she began to pass him; but then the pair appeared to come into collision for a moment, and as the filly was thrown a little out of her stride, *Zadig* won the race for Mr. Lefevre by half a length. *Songstress*, who had won a race at Manchester the week before, was made favourite for a two-year-old Selling Plate, in which she had to meet a field of very moderate pretensions; and after winning the race with great ease by a length and a half, she was sold to the owner of the second for 500

guineas. Can't, a winner of three races, who had run third to King Monmouth at Doncaster, was most fancied out of the nine two-year-olds that came out for the Nursery Stakes, but she was beaten before half the race was run. Wood jumped away with the lead at the starting-point, with Sir George Chetwynd's colt *Domino*, who was the most lightly weighted of the whole party, and he kept in front throughout the race, winning by three-quarters of a length from Mr. Craven's *Campbell*. The Great Foal Stakes was less interesting than usual. Four times out of five this race had been won by the winner of the foregoing St. Leger, but now it was destined to fall to a colt that had been only seventh in a very moderate specimen of a St. Leger. Lord Bradford's filly, *Limelight*, was a popular candidate in the ring, on account of her easy victory over *Cambusmore* in the Doncaster Stakes. She was to meet *Cambusmore* now on 5 lbs. worse terms, but she had certainly given him more than a 5 lb. beating at Doncaster; moreover *Cambusmore* was coughing, so it was unlikely that he would run up to his best form. The first favourite, however, was Baron Shickler's *Le Sceptre*, by Scottish Chief, who had come over from France on purpose for the occasion. He might as well have stayed there as far as the Great Foal Stakes was concerned, for as soon as the struggle began he was beaten. On the other hand, *Cambusmore* was in a going humour, and galloping boldly up the hill, he turned the tables on *Limelight* with a vengeance, in defiance of public form as registered in *The Racing Calendar*, and his cough; winning the race easily by a length and a half, for the Duke of Westminster, as well as a number of bets at 6 to 1 for the backers and Archer's mounts, and adding 1,000l. to the 1,850l. worth of stakes that he had won in the St. James's Stakes at Ascot. The Buckenham Stakes, which demands the exceedingly heavy entrance-fee of 300l. from every starter, and 150l. from every horse entered, was won by Mr. Walker's *Greenwich*, who made short work of a couple of fillies belonging to Prince Soltykoff and the Duke of Hamilton. The Hopeful Stakes of 867l. for two-year-olds, brought out *Rosy Morn*, *Lonely*, *Glamour*, *Match Girl*, and *Blackbird II.* *Rosy Morn* had shown some of the best form of the year, but was said to have turned roarer. Nevertheless, it was believed that his speed would enable him to win over the five furlongs. The well-bred filly *Lonely*, by *Hermit* out of *Anonyma* by *Stockwell*, had won five races, the last of which had been the Rous Plate at Doncaster. *Glamour* was expected to run well, although his form had hitherto been somewhat indifferent. *Match Girl*, after showing form of exceedingly high promise at Ascot and Stockbridge, had fallen lame when a tremendous favourite for the Chesterfield Stakes at the July meeting; and now, although sound on her legs, she was coughing. Wood made the running with a very slight lead from Archer on *Rosy Morn*, and as they came down the hill *Rosy Morn* began to show symptoms of distress, when Wood at once settled matters by making the pace more severe, and won the race for Lord Cadogan very easily by three lengths. Prince Soltykoff's *Charmian*, the first foal of the Cambridgeshire winner *Lucetta*, won the Boscawen Stakes; and Lord Ellesmere's *Highland Chief* had no difficulty in winning the Produce Stakes, over the long Ditch-In course of more than two miles.

Lady Vivian's two-year-old colt *Sexton*, by *Silvio*, appeared for the first time in public in the first race of the Wednesday, and he galloped in an easy winner six lengths in front of the high-priced *Lucebit*. Sir George Chetwynd bought him at auction after the race for 720 guineas, only 300 of which went to his owner. As he is a powerful and well-made colt, it is not unlikely that he may turn out a good purchase. Thirteen two-year-olds ran for the Nursery Stakes, and the race was won by an unnamed 10 to 1 outsider by *Greenback*, but she was receiving more than 2 st. from *Grecian Bride*, the first favourite, who slackened her pace in a very jaded manner when Archer called upon her to make her effort. *Domino*, the winner of the Nursery Stakes of the previous day, was fourth. Mr. Benholm's two-year-old filly, *Mearns*, by *See Saw*, won her third race in the October Plate, although she was giving a stone and a half or more to each of her three opponents, and after the race she was unsold at her entered price of 1,000l., a sum which she has already almost equalled by her winnings. The Great Eastern Railway Handicap gave *Energy* a great opportunity of distinguishing himself, for he won in excellent style under the heavy weight of 9 st. 10 lbs., giving more than 4 st. to the filly that ran second. There are few better-looking horses on the Turf, and over short distances he is undoubtedly a wonderful horse. His running in the Great Eastern Handicap shows that those critics were right who believed that he would have either won or nearly won the Portland Plate at Doncaster if he had not been crowded out at the distance. *Cambusmore*, *Limelight*, and *Damietta*, who had finished in the above order for the Great Foal Stakes on the first day of the meeting, now met again in a Produce Stakes, at what practically amounted to the same weights, over the same course. As *Cambusmore* had won very easily by a length and a half on the Tuesday, it would have seemed fair to have laid liberal odds on him on the Wednesday; but 11 to 10 was laid against him, because many people believed that his victory had been owing to the slow pace at which the race was run, especially as it was in direct contradiction to his previous public form. Public form, however, was confirmed to the letter, as far as the Tuesday and the Wednesday were concerned, for the three horses finished for the Produce Stakes in exactly the same order as in the Great Foal Stakes, and at almost the same intervals. Four other horses started, and the running was made at a fair pace; but Archer waited with admirable patience on *Cambusmore* until entering the

Abingdon Bottom, when it was soon clear that his horse had enough left in him to win the race. Cambusmore is a big colt, with a fine fore-hand; but he is rather slack-loined, and he is too "lurching" in his gait to please fastidious critics.

The favourite for the October Handicap, on the Thursday, was Mr. L. de Rothschild's four-year-old Hamako, a horse that is seldom seen now. Last autumn he won the Grand Duke Michael Stakes and the Free Handicap Sweepstakes; but his only race this season had been for a Triennial which he had won at Ascot. He now won easily, but he appeared very shaky on his forelegs after the race. Beryl, a two-year-old, who had won a race at Brighton, was made favourite for the Snailwell Stakes; but she played her backers a very shabby trick both in this race and in that which immediately followed, although she was ridden by different jockeys, for in each case, when the flag fell for the start, she whipped round and was left at the post. The first of these two races was won by Can't. On the Tuesday this filly, when first favourite, had been beaten, but now when second favourite, she won easily. Such is the perversity of horseflesh. From out of the dozen two-year-olds that ran for the Nursery Plate, Lerne was selected as first favourite, and she held a very forward position, apparently without effort, until a late period of the race, when there was a scrimmage, in which she got somewhat the worst of it, and a colt by Wisdom out of Bangle, that had a clear course, beat her by three-quarters of a length. The winner is a neat little colt belonging to the Chevalier Ginistrelli. The Produce Stakes brought out a colt of good two-year-old form in Mr. Barclay's Risingham, by Bertram, the sire of Robert the Devil, whose only appearance in public had been at Lewes, in the Astley Stakes, in which he beat Cora by a head, and Luminary by three lengths, when receiving 6 lbs. and sex from the former and 13 lbs. from the latter. He was now beaten by a head by the colt by Hampton out of Red Rag, who had run a dead heat with Vacillation in the early spring, but afterwards had run badly. The good-looking Domino won the Double Trial Plate, and he seems an honest, hard-working colt, for he ran on three successive days, winning two races out of three. Hermitage had every right, on public form, to be first favourite for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, and 11 to 8 was laid on him. His opponents were Royal Fern, Hampton Wick, a big but slow horse, and the mean-looking Prince Rudolph. Hermitage made the running, and in the course of the race Hampton Wick swerved against Royal Fern; but in the Abingdon Bottom Royal Fern, whom Hermitage had beaten by four lengths and a half, at the same relative weights, at Goodwood, besides leaving him far behind in the St. Leger, now worked his way gradually to the front, and finally beat Hermitage, after a fine race, by a neck. It may be worth noticing that the attendance on the Thursday was considered by frequenters of Newmarket races to have been the smallest that they had seen at them for many years.

Sir George Chetwynd's Kingwood, the favourite for the first race on the Friday, met with an accident on the way to the course, tumbling over a heap of stones, and cutting himself in several places. Still, he was saddled for his race, and then it was found that there had been a mistake about the weight he was to carry, which led to some delay. Vacillation, who was giving him sex and 6 lbs., refused to struggle, even at Archer's persuasion, and Kingwood won his fourth race by a length. St. Helena and the colt by Hampton out of Red Rag were equal favourites for the Rous Memorial Stakes. St. Helena won the race for Lord Zetland, but Laverock, who now ran second for the seventh time this season, pressed her at the finish, and she only won by a neck. The Red Rag colt was third, four lengths away. The fourth in the race was Goldsmith, who was running in public for the first time. He is a handsome colt, but he was not sufficiently trained or developed in muscle to do himself full justice. At the sale of Mr. C. Harrison's yearlings last year, he had cost 2,550 guineas, so it is to be hoped that he may win races some day. Toastmaster won a Sweepstakes by a neck from Exile II., and both horses changed hands after the race. The well-bred Lady Chatelaine, by Silvio out of Lady Golightly, who had been purchased for 500 guineas at Lord Falmouth's sale, beat a field of nine two-year-olds in a Nursery Handicap, giving each of them weight. Mr. Hungerford bought her after the race for 610 guineas, so she cannot be supposed to have deteriorated in value since Lord Falmouth's sale; yet she can scarcely have proved a very remunerative investment to her owner, as he would only get 300 guineas of her purchase money and half of the 147l. which constituted the stakes. By the way, it has been given out that Harvester is to be sold shortly, in which case we shall have an opportunity of seeing whether he is still valued at the 8,600 guineas which he cost at Lord Falmouth's sale in the spring. Royal Fern had no difficulty in beating Hampton Wick for the St. Leger Stakes, the last race; but he was fairly tired out when he had reached the end of the long two-mile course. And so ended an exceptionally dull meeting.

THE DEPRESSION IN THE COTTON TRADE.

ALL over Lancashire complaints are loud that the long depression in the cotton trade is growing worse. It is said that the prices both of yarn and of cotton cloth have never but once been so low as they are at present, and that never before has

short time been so generally adopted both by spinners and manufacturers. Except in few instances mills have not been entirely closed, for employers do not wish to throw their staffs out of employment, and, besides, the loss must be very great before a mill-owner stops his machinery altogether. But the cases are very numerous in which a proportion of the looms and spindles have been stopped, and still more numerous are the instances in which short time has been adopted—that is to say, in which the mills close one, two, or three days a week. And a most remarkable circumstance connected with the adoption of short time is that outside of Oldham it has not been concerted. Individual mill-owners have reduced their output without entering into an arrangement with their neighbours. In Oldham, however, the adoption of short time was agreed to in August last, and up to the present it has been strictly carried out. Until quite lately, the depression was chiefly in the weaving branch of the trade; but recently it is said that the spinning branch is suffering almost as much as the weaving branch. Oldham has almost a monopoly of spinning for sale; and it is a clear proof, therefore, that spinning must be seriously depressed when the Oldham limited companies' mills have worked only four days a week for over six weeks. The depression in the spinning trade may be directly traced, of course, to the extreme depression in the weaving trade. It will be recollected that at the beginning of the year and in the early part of the summer there were strikes in Blackburn and Burnley, and in consequence there was necessarily a considerable falling off in the consumption of yarn. Besides, as the depression in the weaving trade grew worse, and as more and more manufacturers reduced their output, the demand for yarn largely fell off, and in this way spinners found their stocks accumulating, and were obliged to reduce their prices, in the hope of expediting sales. At length the accumulation of stocks became so great that they have been obliged to adopt short time. If we look at the dividends declared by the Oldham limited companies in the first half of the year we see little trace of the extreme depression complained of. Of seventy-three companies, for example, we find that in the second quarter of the year no fewer than sixteen paid dividends of 10 per cent. and upwards; twenty-six paid dividends of 5 per cent. and less than 10 per cent., and seven paid dividends of less than 5 per cent.; while twenty-four paid no dividends. This clearly is not a bad result for a time when trade is said to be so greatly depressed. For the quarter just ended we have received as yet the announcement of the results of the working of only thirteen companies, but these undoubtedly testify to a worse state of things. We find that two of them have declared dividends of 10 per cent., two of 7½ per cent., one of 5 per cent., and one of 4 per cent., while another a little more than covered its expenses. Six of the thirteen, however, failed to cover their expenses. If we may take these thirteen companies as a fair sample of the rest, it would appear, then, that nearly one-half failed to cover the expenses of working, and it follows, consequently, that during the past three months the condition of the trade must have greatly deteriorated. But, of course, we have no means of judging whether the thirteen companies just enumerated are really representative of the trade or not.

The immediate cause of the increasing depression in trade is, of course, the outbreak of hostilities in China. As nobody knows what may occur, merchants are very unwilling to engage in new ventures, and consequently there has been a very great falling off in the orders for the Chinese market. And it is not alone in China proper that trade has been paralysed by the French operations. All over the Far East there is uncertainty and apprehension, and consequently there is a period of suspense in which orders are very scantily given. Perhaps as influential a cause is the great fall that is going on in the prices of produce. As our readers are aware, our best markets for cotton are now in the countries that produce food for export and the raw materials of manufacture; and the prices both of food and of raw materials have fallen very heavily all through the year. The fall in sugar, for example, has diminished the purchasing power of the sugar-producing countries; and so has the fall in other articles. India of late, for instance, has been sending to this country large supplies of wheat, but the great fall that has occurred in the price of wheat has checked Indian exports, and, therefore, has diminished the purchasing power of the wheat-growers and the wheat traders in India. The Board of Trade returns afford clear evidence that it is in the countries that produce food and the raw materials of manufacture that the falling off has chiefly occurred. While for the first eight months of the year there has been a decrease in the exports of cotton of about four per cent., there has actually been an increase in the exports to the Continent; and it is remarkable, too, that there has been likewise an increase in the exports to South America, although it is a raw-material producing region. The depression at home, too, in shipbuilding, iron, and coal has contributed to the unsatisfactory state of the cotton trade. For, as wages in these trades have declined, and as workpeople have been discharged, purchasing power has diminished, and even a slight diminution on so great a scale would seriously affect the cotton trade. But there are more general causes than these, for the American cotton trade is quite as depressed as our own. And of these the first is the collapse of speculation. Speculators buy largely in the hope of selling at a profit. They thus give an impetus to production, and as prices rise in consequence of their purchases, all engaged in trade acquire new courage, and production is greatly stimulated. Five years ago, when the famines

in Southern India had come to an end, a period of great speculation in the cotton trade set in, and exports to India, and indeed to all parts of the Far East, were increased in an extraordinary degree. The business was overdone, and in a short while the markets of the Far East were glutted, and the speculators suffered in consequence. Now speculators are discouraged; they have ceased their purchases, and as production had been increased unduly, there is in consequence a feeling of depression and loss all over the trade. Nor is it only in its immediate effects that this influence of speculation is mischievous. In these periods of large profits people lose their heads, and assume that the good trade will continue indefinitely. Capital, therefore, is rashly embarked in business, and after a time the producing capacity of the country exceeds the consuming capacity of the markets it supplies. We find, for instance, that the number of spindles in the Oldham district has doubled in ten years, although it is clear that the consuming capacity of the markets served by Oldham has not kept equal pace. On the contrary, the effect of the protective duties adopted so generally throughout Europe has been to check the consumption of English cotton goods. And, furthermore, under the influence of these protective duties, the cotton industry has grown in a very rapid manner all over the Continent, as well as in America. The producing power of the world is thus vastly augmented; while its consuming power, though considerably increased, has not increased proportionately. To avoid these periods of alternate depression and inflation, what is wanted is the opening up of new and remunerative markets; but, unfortunately, of late no great market has been thrown open to our trade; while, as just remarked, several markets have been either entirely closed or have been greatly restricted.

As regards the immediate future, there would seem to be reason for hoping that an improvement will not be long delayed. If peace is concluded between France and China, there will, no doubt, be a very large demand for cotton for the Far East; for, while the exports thither have fallen off of late, consumption, of course, is going on, and, consequently, we may expect to find, when peace is restored, that the stocks on hand in the Far East will be very greatly reduced. Even if there should be a regular war, trade will after awhile accommodate itself to the new conditions. It is only while uncertainty prevails, so that merchants are unable to estimate with any probability what may happen, that suspense exists and trade is paralysed. And here at home it may be hoped that the good harvest will have an effect in improving all business, and therefore in increasing the purchasing power of the workpeople. It is reasonable to assume that the fall in the prices of produce which has been going on for some years now, and has reached a point entirely unprecedented, is nearly at an end. Wheat can hardly be grown profitably at present prices, and, consequently, if prices remain much longer as low as they are just now, it is probable that there will be a considerable reduction in the area sown all over the world; and what is true of wheat is true of sugar and many other articles that are exceptionally cheap just now. But, apart from this altogether, there seem to be grounds for believing that the fall in prices has so checked buying in all departments of trade that the stocks in the hands of retail dealers are smaller than they usually are, and smaller than the real consumption of the world justifies. Retail dealers have found, for instance, that the fall in prices has been so rapid that they lost by buying considerable quantities. A man who laid in a supply for several months ahead a year ago would have done much better if he had only bought to supply his current wants, and the consequence has been that retail dealers have restricted their purchases more and more, hoping that thus they would bring prices down to the lowest point and make a larger profit. Undoubtedly they have brought prices down; but the fall seems to be greater than the facts of the situation warrant, and now, if the retail dealers have too small stocks on hand, it is not at all improbable that they will be obliged to buy so largely that prices will rebound quite as rapidly as they fell lately. If this be so, every one who is at all short of supplies will be in a hurry to provide himself lest prices should run up unreasonably, and thus there would be a great stimulus to trade almost before people could realize the fact. This happened at the end of 1879, and the symptoms at present point to a repetition of it before long. And, if there should be a hurry on the part of retail dealers all over the world to supply themselves, speculators will catch at the opportunity to run up prices unduly; and, once speculation begins, there will probably be another "boom" in trade such as we witnessed five years ago. If the fall in prices does not bring on financial trouble, improvement in this way cannot be long delayed. Lastly, we may hope, now that the long period of agricultural depression in Europe is at an end, and with greater prosperity in farming, there will be greater consuming power on the part of the masses of the people, and, consequently, an improvement in trade generally. Nor is it to be forgotten that, while the prices of produce and raw materials have been falling, so also has there been a great fall in the prices both of yarn and of cotton goods. Already, indeed, this fall in cotton goods seems to be stimulating the demand. During the depression manufacturers have been enforcing economy in every direction. They are now in a position to accommodate themselves to the altered circumstances.

THE THEATRES.

SOME interest attached to the production of a new play by Mr. H. A. Jones. He is part author of *The Silver King*, a melodrama of rather exceptional merit. Neither he nor Mr. Hermann, his coadjutor in that work, had written by himself any play which had made a distinct mark; it was possible that what was best in *The Silver King* had come from Mr. Jones, and that he might improve upon that effort. But *Saints and Sinners*, the new Vaudeville play, is a very invertebrate affair. The critics have discerned in it a close resemblance to *The Vicar of Wakefield*; and that is one of the many stories which Mr. Jones's "new and original" piece does resemble. No man can number how many innocent village maidens have been dazzled and have finally fallen victims to the arts of a lover in a higher rank of life. The storyteller invariably equips these distressed damsels with a parent who grieves over their lapse from those paths of virtue the pleasantness of which sinners often fail to recognize till they have turned aside and taken another way. A devoted lover, whom the audience perceives to be in every respect a fitting match for the heroine, and to whom she is finally united, is an indispensable item. There is usually a sister whose task it is to comfort the father and receive the penitent home; but there is no sister in *Saints and Sinners*, the omission being one of the strokes of newness and originality which are claimed for the play. The father in Mr. Jones's work has, however, a faithful and devoted housekeeper who does duty for the sister, and to this extent detracts from the newness and originality of the scheme. The heroine is named Letty Fletcher; her excellent but tedious parent is minister of Bethel Chapel, Steepleford; the man who loves Letty in the invariable fashion, "as man never loved woman before," is Captain Eustace Fanshawe; the lover to whom she returns after passing a month with Captain Fanshawe at Torquay is George Kingsmill, a young farmer. Sometimes in these cases the very good man kills the very bad man. George Kingsmill, who traces Fanshawe to the Torquay villa, turns up his sleeves; but he does nothing more, which is dramatically weak of him. It is true that, regretting his wasted opportunity, he follows Fanshawe to India, only to find him dead. Perhaps if Fanshawe had been alive Kingsmill would not have got beyond the upturned sleeves; having done nothing in Devonshire, he might not have done more in Afghanistan. This business of the elopement is only noteworthy for the fresh and unconventional treatment of the part of Fanshawe by Mr. H. B. Conway. So naturally and earnestly does the actor speak lines which generally have kindred with the sentences of a commonplace novel that the character is made very real. When we have followed the well-beaten track which has been indicated to the end of the third act we have come to the halting place where these stories usually end; but Mr. Jones makes it only a half-way house. Again he urges on his mild career. He shows how Mr. Fletcher is forced to resign his situation at Bethel, and how at length he is restored; but it is not possible to feel any concern about this estimable minister, for whose sake the piece has the appearance of having been written up. These last two acts are made tolerable chiefly by a couple of sketches into which a certain amount of freshness has been imported. These are two deacons of the Bethel who persecute Mr. Fletcher; the weaker, Prabble, at the instigation of the stronger, Hoggard, whose grievance against Fletcher is that the good man declines to let Hoggard rob a widow, of whom minister and deacon are co-trustees. Hoggard is a species of Pecksniff, but the character is treated with some novelty by the author, and with much reality by the actor, Mr. Mackintosh. It is he who, after a stormy scene in the vestry of the chapel, drives Fletcher to resign. The man contrives so well to make himself obnoxious that his downfall is looked forward to with satisfaction; and of course it is duly shown. Flying from those he has robbed, in terror for his life, Hoggard seeks shelter from the man he has persecuted. Prabble is a diverting little creature. His complaint against Fletcher is that the good man declines to denounce from the pulpit the iniquity of dealing at Co-operative Stores. Prabble is a grocer and the Stores injure his business. "If I support your chapel I expect you to get your congregation to support my shop," he says in all sincerity. The part is played, with a humour which is admirable mainly because it is so completely unconscious, by Mr. E. M. Robson. The author of *Saints and Sinners* has written a letter to declare that he "will vouch for the absolute faithfulness of the types of character he has presented in Hoggard and Prabble, and for their wide dispersion amongst the Dissenting classes." They have indeed the ring of truth about them—though it is to be hoped that Hoggard is an extreme type—and their introduction relieves Mr. Jones's play from the charge of absolute sterility. Mr. Thorne is the Fletcher. Something in his manner and bearing suits the idea of the gentle, submissive minister, but gentleness is often allied to weakness. We get exceedingly tired of the excellent Fletcher. There is a very great deal too much repetition about him. If the part were half as long it would be twice as effective, and a still further reduction in length would strengthen it. Mr. Neville plays Kingsmill as he has played scores of similar parts before; if he does less than usual, it is because he has less to do. Miss Grahame, as Letty, acts a conventional part in a conventional style.

The St. James's has reopened its doors, and *The Ironmaster* is again on the list of entertainments for those who think that Mr. Pinero's adaptation of M. Ohnet's story is entertaining. We have dealt with the drama, and have described it as extremely coarse

and ill-flavoured. It is a singular fact that Mrs. Kendal who, as she has just told us, does not like suggestive plays, should appear as the leading performer in one of the most "risky" scenes the modern stage has shown. The lady acts with her usual finish, and with a skill which would be wholly admirable if the artifice were a little better concealed. Mr. Kendal's Derby is less satisfactory. The attempt to gesticulate in French fashion is not successful; he speaks in a high shrill voice, which soon becomes disagreeable, and introduces vague elaborations. What significance Mr. Kendal wishes his audience to gather from the loud cry of "Oh!" at the end of the second act is a mystery. The only important change in the cast is in the representation of the Duc de Bligny. Mr. Charles Sugden acts with a quiet force which is particularly effective.

REVIEWS.

GARDINER'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, VOLS. VII.—X.*

ALTHOUGH not many years have passed since Mr. Gardiner's last four volumes made their first appearance in successive instalments, and although in their new form they accordingly contain few alterations or additions of moment, yet we should regret to lose the opportunity of renewing the expressions of satisfaction with which we welcomed their predecessors. A standard history in which any literature might take pride is at last before the world in a complete edition. Nor do we use the epithet "complete" only in the more restricted sense in which it is usually applied to books. Even from this point of view, Mr. Gardiner's work, in its new shape, has everything to commend it to the most exacting reader. The late Mr. Forster himself (for whom the day of receiving hard hits seems to have come, and who, indeed, is by no means spared in these volumes) could not have arranged a narrative at once more lucidly and more conveniently; and Mr. Gardiner has, in addition, earned the sincere thanks of all students by compiling, at the cost of much valuable time, a new and enlarged index.

But the completeness which we perceive in Mr. Gardiner's History is very far from being one of margins and indices only. It would be idle to pretend that he has said the last word on a period of our national life which, as his book itself shows, contains not a few dark and doubtful passages open to no key but the uncertain one of conjecture. To take two important instances within the range of the volumes now under review—the truth, or, at all events, the whole truth, still remains unknown as to the relations between the English popular leaders and the Scots in 1640, and again as to those between the Irish Catholic lords and King Charles I. in 1641. In both cases the evidence turns to a considerable extent on a particular document which is beyond doubt a forgery; but in both the circumstances of the forgery are such as to call for great skill on the part of an historian who desires to judge for himself. Mr. Gardiner's solution is in each case extremely probable, but also, we must take leave to add, extremely bold. Again, his powers of historical composition have their limits, like those of other eminent writers in the same branch of literature. It would be a mistake to call him lengthy, or to complain of his constant appeal to original authorities; for he does not share the impression apparently entertained in some quarters, that an historian should imitate the episodic breadth of a cyclic poet, or the conviction exemplified in others that, if historical personages are left to tell their tale in their own words, they are likely to tell the truth. But he has not caught from those great writers of the past whose shortcomings he is so severe a critic the art of summarizing, as a historian so full of knowledge is entitled to do, a character or a situation; and while his narrative is invariably lucid, and not unfrequently touched with the true sympathy which comes from understanding, his comments might occasionally gain in force by being less diffuse. In saying this, we need hardly guard ourselves against misapprehension. It would be difficult to point out any superfluous ornament in these volumes; nor are those pages in them the least instructive which reproduce in their own sublimity or luxuriance of form thoughts or feelings to be found in the poetry of Milton or of Milton's contemporaries. But in his anxiety to avoid the formalism which he condemns, and not to judge the actions of men possessed of living souls by the cut-and-dry canons of constitutional or any other law, Mr. Gardiner is apt, as it seems to us, to dwell with unnecessary frequency upon certain truths which may almost be regarded as axioms. Thus, nothing can be more certain than that the statesman who is blind and deaf to the spirit of the times in which he lives, and of the nation of which he forms part, will trust in vain to the vigour of his policy or to the rights of his cause. Mr. Gardiner holds that Laud's "entire want of imaginative sympathy" combined with his bad temper to make him one of the worst rulers who at the time could have been placed over the English Church. Again, Wentworth erred in Ireland by not "keeping his ear open to indications of popular feeling" which, as a statesman, "it was his duty to guide." And, in words of which the full force only becomes apparent after some

little reflection, of Gustavus Adolphus and Eliot (who died within a few weeks of one another) we are told that "in the main the task of the two men was the same, to defend the living spirit of nations against the pressure of misinterpreted legal obligations." With the exception, perhaps, of the last parallel, which strikes us as rather forced, these passages and others resembling them only amount to obvious variations of a lesson which few periods of history and few chapters of political life cannot be made to illustrate. Far more welcome, because far more needing to be heard in our days, is the solid ring of a sentence like that in which Mr. Gardiner defends Milton's theories on government against the charge that they were out of harmony with the actual England of his day. "Their permanent value lies in the persistence with which they point to the eternal truth, that all artificial constitutional arrangements, all remodelling of authority in Church and State, all reform in law and administration, will be worthless in the absence of the high purpose and the resolute will of the individual men who are apt to make use of political or ecclesiastical institutions. 'Love virtue, she alone is free.' And this, we may venture to add, is likewise the supreme justification of that method of historical writing which Mr. Gardiner has adopted, and which in the preface to his concluding volume he claims a right to hold as profitable as any other. Among the forces of which history traces the operation without in all cases undertaking to state their results, the moral forces are the most potent, as they are the highest; and by whom can the laws under which these, among other forces, act upon national or general human progress, be more clearly recognized than by those who have become 'familiar with the men and women in whose lives these laws are to be discerned'? Was King Charles I., for instance, the victim of a patriarchal conception of government, represented by him in times that were out of joint; the martyr of a principle submerged at one time and in one country, but destined to reassert itself victoriously elsewhere, and in a different age; the hero of a cause that in better times would have rallied round it a nation, and even as it was could not but please the gods? Or did he inherit with his father's political ideas a double portion of his father's perversity of character? Was it his fatality never to give way till it was too late, and when at last he gave way, did he invariably reserve to himself the "satisfaction" of putting his own construction upon the bargain? And was he then urged further and further on the path which led to his doom by influences which he would never have acknowledged as not subject to his own control, since it was his crowning weakness never to be mastered but by those whom in his own belief he had mastered himself? Many more such questions might be asked; but they are not even worth answering, except with the aid of a test such as that supplied by Mr. Gardiner's narrative; self-contained and dispassionate, but sensitive to the relation which every chapter of it bears to the ethical problems of life.

In the same preface we are glad to find Mr. Gardiner, in the course of some pregnant remarks on the relations between the historian and the politician, observing with great truth that the writer or teacher "who studies the society of the past will be of the greater service to the society of the present in proportion as he leaves it out of account." We cannot, of course, profess to know how far the methods of historical teaching at present in vogue in one of our Universities, to which Mr. Gardiner has lately lent the benefit of his insight and experience, seem to him to err in the opposite direction. He may be pleased to learn that, as a recent University prize competition on a subject suggested directly by the volumes before us showed, historical students at Cambridge are not all hopelessly absorbed in the task of "applying" history, or at least so much history as they have learnt. His own book, which no intelligent politician of the present day (even were his mind concentrated upon the House of Lords) is likely to consider out of season, is a model of the exercise of that abstinence which its author commends. To deal with the struggles of the seventeenth century in the interests of the nineteenth is to go back to the historical criticism of the days of Queen Anne, when Clarendon's History served as the most effective of party-pamphlets, and with far less excuse than the Highflyers then had for making immediate use of their godsend. To treat the events of the past, or the personages connected with them, as analogous to the affairs and characters of our own times, is a less dangerous but even more delusive process. It is a snare into which even serious historical writers have been known to fall, but which is more usually attractive to birds of a more variegated plumage. Thus it was only the other day that, with the laudable intention of suggesting an example of patriotic moderation in days when that virtue is rather out of fashion, the model politician of the Revolution age was discovered in Falkland, of whom Mr. Gardiner, with every sentiment of sympathy for "the comprehensiveness of his heart," says simply, but effectively, that "he was a critic—an amiable truth-loving critic, but no statesman." In any case, it is hardly necessary to dwell on the services which the single-minded labours of a writer like Mr. Gardiner render to the politician or to the political student. In return, no national historian, at all events, is likely to satisfy the legitimate demands of that class of readers which he would be loth to forego, into whose study no breath has passed of the actual public life of the community for which in the first instance he writes. How, we have sometimes asked ourselves, does a work like Mr. Gardiner's fall upon the ear of the democratic age into which English politics are entering, or have entered? It remains

* *History of England, from the Accession of James I. to the Outbreak of the Civil War, 1603-1642.* By Samuel R. Gardiner. Vols. VII.—X. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

for him, in the continuation of his work, which we rejoice to learn is already begun, to write the history of that early phase of English democracy which we call the Puritan Revolution. In his present volumes he has necessarily treated only of its beginnings, and of these chiefly in their relation to the religious side of the conflict. On this side of the border there appeared little of the democratic element in the resistance offered to the Government of Charles I. Indeed at one time it seemed as if the predominant feeling among the nobility would have ranged the latter on the side of what is usually termed the popular opposition. In one of the most interesting chapters of his work, that on the Metropolitan Visitation, Mr. Gardiner has some noteworthy remarks on the causes which rendered the Thorough of Laud's ecclesiastical system specially unpopular with the upper classes, not only because of the new importance with which it invested the clergy, but also because of the offensive equality of measure which its chief organ, the High Commission Court, dealt out to culprits, or supposed culprits, in all classes alike. There were no doubt other and better reasons which in the days of "the first Bishops' War" made the English nobility unwilling to draw the sword in the King's cause. "If Charles," writes Mr. Gardiner, "had been quicksighted to perceive that concession in Scotland would bring with it concession in England, they [the English nobles] were no less quicksighted to perceive that the overthrow of the Scottish Covenanters would draw with it the erection of an absolute monarchy in England." When the sacrifices of the times of the Civil War are remembered—such sacrifices, for instance, as those of the Herberts, which should be written in letters of gold in the records of royal kings and loyal subjects—it seems strange to read of the caution shown only a few years earlier by men of the same class, and probably in many cases by the same men. In the days preceding the Treaty of Berwick a military oath was proposed to the nobles who had been summoned to arms under the obsolete obligation of personal service. The scheme of hiring a body of Spanish veterans had fallen through; but surely the King might depend on the baronage of England to fight for him, as the oath prescribed, "to the utmost hazard of their life and fortunes." Their answer was a discreet question—"Whether these words bound them to place their whole property at the King's disposal"; and a new form of oath had to be devised, which left the estates of those who took it out of the question. It would carry us too far to discuss the reasons which finally produced a disagreement between the Lords and the Commons in the days of the Long Parliament; but it is noteworthy that as late as January 1642, when the Lords refused to join in the request that the control of the fortresses and the militia might be handed over to Parliament, the minority which protested against this refusal consisted of as many as thirty-two peers.

The meaning of the map which is prefixed to Mr. Gardiner's last volume is not always very clear. The names of localities held by or in sympathy with the Cavaliers are underlined *red*, with the Parliamentarians *blue*. A double line of the same colour signifies, we suppose, consistency; and two lines of different colours inconsistency or change. Now Oxford City is marked with two red lines, Oxford University with a blue above a red, while Cambridge town and University both have two blue lines. And why is Manchester left out altogether? We cannot but think that a key to the puzzle would not be out of place. But if such a map could be drawn showing at a glance how the several classes and interests in the kingdom were respectively affected to King and Parliament at the time of the outbreak of the war, the results might in some instances be surprising. We do not refer to such a case as that of the London Apprentice Boys, who, as Mr. Gardiner suggests, were possibly "quite as ready to bait a Separatist as to bait a bishop." But the fluctuations or differences of opinion among graver heads in the City were such as—at least in one critical season—to delude the King into the belief that he had the respectable part of the City on his side. It is well known how, on his return from Scotland in 1641, he was enthusiastically received in the City thoroughfares, and splendidly entertained by a Royalist Lord Mayor. Mr. Gardiner, who adds that "the great majority of the aldermen were of the same way of thinking," has only a few *à priori* grounds to suggest for this state of feeling among the wealthy citizens. Yet, as he notes, the Common Council had only a fortnight previously declared against the Catholic Lords and the Bishops, and the elections to the Common Council, which took place a month after the King's visit, were largely in favour of Pym and the House of Commons. The result of the attempt on the Five Members showed clearly enough to which side the balance of opinion inclined east of Temple Bar, but the doubts and misconceptions on the subject are not the less curious. Nor could there be any greater error than to suppose that the majority who followed Pym regarded themselves as the party of the multitude. We may feel offended by the phraseology of the King when, on the memorable visit to the City, of which we have spoken, he declared:—"I see that all these former tumults and disorders have only risen from the meaner sort of people, and that the affections of the better and main part of the City have ever been loyal and affectionate to my person and Government." But it is surely more striking to find the Parliament, in the statement of reasons for taking up arms which it issued August 2, 1642, argue on its own behalf how it was "most improbable that the nobility and gentry of this kingdom should conspire to take away the law, by which they enjoy their estates, are protected from any act of violence and power, and differenced from the

meaner sort of people, with whom otherwise they would be but fellow-servants."

If the times may fortunately be considered as past when historians allowed their judgment to be affected by the political party feelings of their own times, the day will, we hope, never come when historians will think it their duty to suppress their own intellectual and moral sympathies and antipathies. The cherishing of these, where they spring from reflection and conviction, is perfectly reconcilable with that fairness of mind which is indispensable in a judge of men and their actions. For this fairness no modern historian is more conspicuous than Mr. Gardiner; and it is perhaps the constant desire not to misjudge a particular action or line of conduct on general grounds which has helped to induce the habit of frequent pauses for reflection to which we referred above. At all events, it is difficult to read any portion of his History without becoming assured of his desire not only to do justice in every case, but in every case to place himself in the position of those on whom he gives his censure. Thus, in his seventh volume, before entering upon a sketch of the ecclesiastical policy of Laud, which was so fatal to the popularity of Charles's Government, he reminds us how neither Charles nor Laud himself had any taste for dogmatical controversy. Laud's resistance to the tyranny of Puritanism represented by such demands as Prynne's was to his credit; his fault lay in his not perceiving that the true antidote lies in full liberty of utterance; had he but caught a glimpse of this, it would have been well; "no man at that time could be expected to do more." This last modest caveat exhibits that spirit of fairness of which we speak, and which is so often to be vainly sought in books of ecclesiastical history. A little further, in speaking of the situation at the beginning of the Session of 1629, Mr. Gardiner is evidently disposed to agree with the Venetian Ambassador that Charles was really anxious to avert a quarrel with the House of Commons, and considers that the question of the impositions would probably have been amicably settled, together with that of tonnage and poundage, had not the religious difficulty been thrust forward by the Commons. The same consideration of judgment will be found to accompany the narrative through every stage of its progress; we will only refer by way of illustration to the comments on the judgment against Eliot, Holles, and Valentine in the same volume, and to those in the eighth on the proceedings of the Court of High Commission against Samuel Ward of Ipswich. In this connexion the reader should not omit to notice Appendix II. to this History, in which Mr. Gardiner has drawn up a list of all cases of deprivation or suspension of ministers by the Court of High Commission between February 1634 and 1636, the years in which the action of the Court was probably the most vigorous. They are just fourteen in number, and in two out of these fourteen cases the sentence was wholly remitted. This not very alarming record certainly stands in striking contrast to the current impression concerning the malignant activity of the Court in this direction. It is fortunate that when in October 1640 the mob tore up a quantity of papers which they found in an office at St. Paul's, and believed to be the records of the High Commission, they had rushed to a wrong conclusion, as mobs sometimes do in their Pindaric way.

A book like Mr. Gardiner's cannot easily be laid aside, for there are not many which rival it in that kind of completeness which we have attempted to indicate. At least, however, it is incomplete in this one sense, that, happily for all students of English history, it is to be continued. We, therefore, part from it with a quotation which certainly deserves the attention of those Constitutional historians in whom Mr. Gardiner seems at times to think there is something wanting. In the issue of the second writ of ship-money,

It was evident that Charles contemplated not a temporary measure to resist a sudden danger, but a permanent taxation to oppose any possible risk from a hostile force. Why, then, men naturally asked one another, was not the nation itself consulted? Why was not Parliament summoned to provide a remedy for the evil? A phrase which sprung into existence in these first days of doubt and hesitation, had a long and brilliant future before it. The new writ, it was said, violated the fundamental laws of England. It mattered little that no one could point out what those fundamental laws were, any more than their ancestors could have pointed out precisely what were the laws of Edward or Edgar, the renewal of which they claimed. What they meant was that the English people had never entirely relinquished their control over their own destinies, nor had ever so put themselves like sheep into the hands of any king as to suffer themselves to be tended or shorn at his arbitrary will. Not in statute or precedent, not even in the Great Charter itself, but in the imperishable vitality of the nation, lay the fundamental laws of England.

The phrase which was soon to become so familiar seems to have started into life amongst those courtiers of the Queen who were calling for a Parliament to force upon the King a French alliance. It was, however, easily repeated, and it soon became the watchword of the common feeling of dissatisfaction which was slowly spreading over the kingdom.

What wonder that when, six years afterwards, the famous resolution was proposed in the House of Commons that Strafford had endeavoured "to subvert the fundamental laws of England," a critical member, Edmund Waller, should have asked what were the fundamental laws? What wonder, also, that his question should have received the practical answer, "that if he did not know that, he had no business to sit in the House."

THREE NOVELS.*

FOXGLOVE MANOR is not a pleasant book. It is unwholesome and disagreeable, and it is not possible to feel the slightest sympathy with scarcely any of the characters. In his preface Mr. Buchanan states that his "attempt at a tragedy in fiction must not be construed into an attack on the English priesthood" (whatever that phrase may mean) "generally—the Rev. Charles Santley is a type of man which exists, and of which I have had personal experience." For the latter infliction we beg to offer our sincerest sympathy, for the numbering of such a person amongst one's acquaintances would be extremely painful. However, if this repulsive and reverend gentleman is an exception, from following in whose footsteps the majority of the English Establishment are preserved by the strength of their digestions and the weakness of their imagination, one hardly sees why he should be forced on unsuspecting readers, who may not be so well protected by nature as the aforesaid majority of the English clergy. That the fact of Mr. Santley's calling, sacred as so many people deem it, adds immensely to his repulsiveness is undoubted, and it will take more than Mr. Buchanan's preface to convince readers who remember the subject of his last novel that this book is not an attack on a class as well as a sketch of an individual.

The Rev. Charles Santley is the vicar of a perfect ecclesiastical paradise, surrounded by adoring parishioners, and conducting services of such gorgeoussness in the way of ritual, that the ordinary mind fails to follow them, and the reader has an uneasy suspicion that the English Church Union and the Church Association would for once unite in a duet of horror. The worst of it is that this astonishing ecclesiastical novelty upsets one's faith in Mr. Buchanan's science likewise, and as there is almost more science than theology in the book, this is distressing. The vicar is described at first as, both mentally and bodily, an Admirable Crichton; so Miss Dove's adoration, from the secluded seat where she plays the organ, is intelligible enough. Everything seems to point to her as the model wife for the model parson, and Mr. Santley's sister is only longing to make over her authority as housekeeper to so perfect a substitute. But all these indications are set at naught by the appearance in church of the squire's wife—a beautiful lady just come from years of foreign travel, and proving to be an ex-pupil of the clergyman's, who had been forced by want of money to teach in a girl's school before his ordination. The interesting romance which the young couple had begun was interrupted by flinty-hearted parents. Charles Santley and Ellen Derwent parted, and, though broken-hearted at the time, seem never to have taken the slightest interest in each other till seven years later, when they are suddenly thrown together—the gentleman a full-blown priest, with curious views both as to religion and aesthetics; the lady married to an agnostic of the most pronounced type, and considerably disturbed as to her husband's future eternal welfare on account of this same agnosticism. They renew their acquaintance, and more or less their love, and it is pretty evident that only the opportunity, not the will, for mischief is wanting. The final catastrophe is prevented by the agnostic husband in a sufficiently startling manner, and he carries off his wife safely; and as his opinion of woman is as low as conveniently may be, though he talks a great deal of his mother, he is possibly satisfied. A full share of poetical justice is meted out to the Rev. Charles Santley, who hides his shame and his suffering in the Church of Rome. His treatment of silly little Edith Dove, whom he seduces under the plea that, as she is his wife before God, it is all right, and then deserts (when she claims the fulfilment of his promises for the sake of her unborn child) because of his criminal love for the squire's wife, is, when taken in conjunction with his religious yearnings and meditations, simply nauseous.

The agnostic squire is a weird and wonderful creature, who bears a strong family likeness to the creations of Mrs. Anne Radcliffe in days of old, though he is of necessity somewhat toned down to escape the attentions of the police and the lunatic asylum. One of the most exasperating things in this novel, perhaps, is that, whilst the reader is repelled in almost every page, certainly in every chapter, by sins against both good taste and good feeling, he finds descriptions of scenery such as only an accomplished writer could have written—excellent little pictures, complete in every detail, and, after all, serving to introduce something utterly unpleasant. That Mr. Buchanan should handle certain subjects with irreverence and bad taste is perhaps, all things considered, natural; still, there are limits; and it is overstepping them to head a chapter describing the well-deserved and self-inflicted mental sufferings of one whom the author himself calls "an adulterer in thought, if not in deed," as Mr. Buchanan heads it.

After such a book as *Foxglove Manor* it is refreshing to take up one like *A North-Country Maid*, the heroine of which is as wholesome and fresh as one of her own North-country breezes. From the first chapter, in which are described the perplexities of the good old Vicar, as he undertakes the character of a modern Paris, and tries anxiously and in sober sadness to pick out the prettiest of his four fair daughters, to the very last line we are interested in Christabel Goring and her adventures, and for her

sake forgive some characters which are unpleasant, and one cannot but hope unreal. Some of the scenes strike one as overstrained. Surely so experienced an old lady as old Lady Dungarron is represented to be, would not have risked her granddaughter in such an escapade as sending her alone with such a man as Lord Dungarron to the opera. It certainly was a step towards the trap into which the old lady fully meant to drive Christabel, but at the same time it placed a trump card in the hands of the disreputable young peer that in real life he would have been certain to use with dreadful effect. But with a husband like Lord Dungarron the further trial of Nora and the previous marriage was an unnecessary piling up of the agony. Such a character as Lady Cynthia, if unchecked, was certain to evolve mischief enough for any average three volumes. Paul Huntley has one refreshing characteristic sufficiently rare to be noticeable, and that is unselfishness; he is actually able to help his old love, though he believes her guilty of the sin of hurting his pride.

The other love-story, quite distinct from, but yet crossing and influencing Christabel and Paul's, is amusingly told, and is a relief after the sadness connected with the other pair of lovers. The modern version here given of *Les Femmes savantes* is capital, but Mrs. Lovett-Cameron ventures further than Molière in her description of these nineteenth-century *précieuses* in pursuit of the aesthetic. Philaminte and Bélise would recklessly sacrifice the gastronomic comforts of the master of the house in obedience to the dictates of their idol, but we doubt if any mortal influence would have made them clothe even the recalcitrant Henriette, much less themselves, in such fearsome garments as those classical draperies which astonished worthy Mr. Gibson. Kate Gibson and her lover, Julian Netherby, are a charming young couple; and one cannot but rejoice at the victory the unromantic, mischievous little lady obtains over her art-(with a big A) stricken mother and her sturdy old father, who detests and dreads equally sisterhoods, poetry, and Popery.

The last book, *The Crime of Henry Vane*, is one of the pseudo-metaphysical sort which seem to be daily more popular on both sides of the Atlantic. One is introduced to the very interior of the hero's mind; motives and thoughts are so thoroughly exposed and classified that the reader is likely to know far more of the victim's inner life than that interesting person can; the result being that one gets into a way of looking at things from the wrong side, and loses the sense of proportion and the power of seeing things as they strike outsiders. Consequently everybody but the subject of investigation seems out of drawing, and so mars the effect of the story. This consequence is doubly apparent in the present instance, which has all the way through a kind of written-to-order feeling about it. A novel is not a problem in Euclid; it need not absolutely prove anything; still one is glad to grasp some definite idea, even if it be only amusement; and of such a thing as a definite idea there is not a vestige. In a fit of moralizing, brought on by the society of some curious specimens of American young ladyhood, the hero inveighs against a good deal of the current American literature "written by girls about other girls; these stories seemed to him more immoral, or, at all events, more corrupting, than many a French novel ending in adultery. There was in them an ignorance of all that is highest in life, a calm, self-satisfied acceptance of a petty standard." Further on he alludes to the artificiality (to coin a word) of his countrywomen, and perhaps he may be a good authority; but at the same time one has one's doubts if he be a fair judge when reading this book. The best commentary on Mr. Vane and his doings is found in the verse of Heine he admires so much:—

Wer zum ersten Male liebt,
Sei's auch glücklos, ist ein Gott.
Aber wer zum zweiten Male
Glücklos liebt, der ist ein Narr.

THE HOMERIC CRITICISM OF ARISTARCHUS.*

THE textual criticism of Homer is still in a singularly backward condition. The text of Wolf, which is generally followed in the later editions of Bekker and Dindorf, was not based on a wide collation of manuscripts, or ultimately on any existing manuscripts, but on the fragmentary notices of the readings of Aristarchus preserved in the Venetian scholia. It was the first result of the study of these scholia, which had been made known to scholars by the publication of Villosion. Wolf's edition, therefore, though admirable as a monument of learning and sagacity, is open to criticism in two directions. In the first place, his neglect of the manuscripts proceeded on the assumption (which he expressed with confidence in the *Prolegomena*) that the later vulgate is derived from the recension of Aristarchus, consequently that the copies which contain that vulgate are valueless when we have access to the original. But this assumption is unproved, and the influence of Aristarchus on the common texts of Homer has probably been very much exaggerated. In the second place, our knowledge of the Aristarchean criticism has been materially advanced since Wolf's time, especially by the great work of Lehrs. Moreover, Villosion's edition of the scholia was far from perfect, and Bekker's edition, which was not based on a fresh examination of the *Codex Venetus*, did little to repair its chief defects. Thus

* *Foxglove Manor*. By Robert Buchanan. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

A North-Country Maid. By Mrs. Lovett-Cameron. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1884.

The Crime of Henry Vane. By the Author of "Guerndale." Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1884.

* *Aristarch's Homerische Textkritik nach den Fragmenten des Didymos dargestellt und beurtheilt von Arthur Ludwich*. Leipzig, 1884.

the two requirements of progress in Homeric criticism were (1) an *apparatus criticus*, founded on an examination of the known manuscripts, and (2) a satisfactory edition of the scholia, leading to a fresh study of the materials which they furnish. The former of these requirements may be thought to have been met by the critical editions of La Roche, now occupying the position, to which so much importance is attached, of being the "latest German" works on the subject. The author of the book before us, himself a German professor, will deceive English readers on this point. "It is known," he observes in his preface, "how little has yet been done for the trustworthy publication and critical sifting of these vast materials (the manuscripts of Homer). . . . Of the manuscripts of the Odyssey, the oldest and best for the most part await use by a competent hand." The case of the Iliad, we are bound to add, is no better. The text of La Roche's edition is followed by what appears, on a cursory glance, to be a complete *apparatus criticus*. But the effect is produced, as a brief inspection will show, with the help of comparatively few manuscripts, by the plan of giving the most trifling and habitual inaccuracies of the scribes as various readings. And, if the reader asks why it is that, among the capitals placed after each variant (the meaning of which, by the way, is nowhere explained), the letter B is always wanting, the answer is that it is reserved for a manuscript second only in age and value to the *Codex Venetus*, which has never yet been collated. In the other department of Homeric textual criticism—that which deals with the scholia and the Alexandrine recensions—the chief recent work is W. Dindorf's edition of the Venetian scholia. This is a book which, under more favourable circumstances, might have gone far to make subsequent labours in the same field superfluous. It had long been promised, and was finally entrusted to the veteran scholar at a period of his life peculiarly unsuited for a new and complex undertaking. His text of the scholia, we learn from Professor Ludwig, is deficient in accuracy. His commentary was never written. Of the minor contributions to the subject, the most considerable are those of Dr. Ad. Römer, of Munich. Besides valuable criticism on the two Venetian MSS., he has made a special study of the scholia of the *Victorianus*—scholia which are the same with those of the Townley Homer in the British Museum, and have never yet been edited with any approach to completeness.

Professor Ludwig's own work is a good specimen of a thoroughly good kind. It is based upon the splendid beginning made by Lehrs in his *Aristarchus*, and is marked by the thoroughness, the critical spirit, the fidelity to fact, and the readiness to subordinate tempting fancies to the requirements of reason and evidence which distinguish the true scholar from the various semblances of that character. Its purpose is to restore as much as possible of the treatise of Didymus—a contemporary of Cicero—on the recension of Aristarchus, and especially to distinguish notices that belong to this work from similar matter embedded in the different collections of scholia.

The peculiar value of the scholia on Homer lies in the fact that they present us with an *apparatus criticus* about eighteen centuries older than we have (generally speaking) for the other ancient classics. The work of collecting manuscripts, determining their comparative value, and constructing a text in accordance with them, which was first attempted for most classical authors by the scholars of the Renaissance, was done for Homer by the *grammatici* of the third and second centuries B.C., with manuscripts gathered from all parts of Greece into the great library of Alexandria. The fruit of their labours was given to the world in the form of a series of corrected texts (*ἐκδόσεις* or *διορθώσεις*), and also in various commentaries and treatises; and from this great body of learning is ultimately derived all that is of service in the existing collections of scholia. Of these collections, again, the scholia of the *Codex Venetus*, first made known by Villoison in the last century, are by far the most valuable. They are derived from an epitome (the date of which is matter of conjecture) made from four ancient commentaries, two of which were not much later than Aristarchus himself, and were professedly based on his work. These two were, the treatise of Didymus on the recension of Aristarchus, and that of Aristonicus on the critical marks affixed by Aristarchus to his text of Homer. The two other Homeric scholars drawn upon by the compiler of the epitome are only second to these in importance; they are, Herodian, the author of a great work on the accentuation of Homer, and Nicanor, who wrote a special commentary on the punctuation. From Aristarchus and his contemporaries to these four commentaries—from the four commentaries to the epitome—from the epitome to the extracts from it in the Venetian scholia—these are the chief stages by which the treasures of Alexandrian learning have come down to our time.

The scholia of the *Codex Venetus* belong to two well-defined classes. A wide margin, evidently left for the purpose, is filled by extracts from the "epitome" already described. These extracts are apparently written by the same scribe as the text of the poem. Each scholium is introduced by a "lemma," or quotation of the words or line commented upon. These are known as the "marginal" scholia (*Randscholien*). Again, on the narrow space between these scholia and the text, and also on the inner margin (where there are no marginal scholia), are to be found numerous short notes written in a very small character. They have no lemmata; but each is placed as near as possible to the passage of the text to which it relates. These are called by Römer and Ludwig the "text-scholia." Compared with the "marginal" scholia, they preserve a larger number of notices derived from the

criticism of Aristarchus and his predecessors, but are much briefer in form. They were written after the others, and generally supplement them. Occasionally, however, we find the text-scholium repeating in the briefest language the substance of what the marginal scholium has already said. The value of these double notices, which were taken independently from the "epitome," is obvious. It is one of the chief defects of Bekker's edition that he makes no distinction between the two sets of scholia, and generally blends double scholia into a single version.

The chief task of a student of the scholia on Homer is to recover the full meaning of the highly abbreviated language in which they are expressed. Where Aristarchus had given a full discussion of some doubtful passage based upon the manuscripts and previous recensions, the scholia generally present us with no more than his conclusion, with perhaps a word or two indicating the drift of the evidence. In some cases, however, they are more communicative, and have even preserved one or two fragments of the actual words of Aristarchus. By means of these occasional longer notes we are able to divine something of the method on which the abbreviation of the others has proceeded; to learn, for instance, that the single word "so" (*οὕτως*) means "so Aristarchus read"; or that the "some" and "others" of the scholiast are almost always critics that Aristarchus has expressly condemned.

A good example of this kind of interpretation is afforded by Professor Ludwig's treatment of the recurring phrases *αἱ πᾶσαι* and *αἱ πλείους*, with their equivalents. What is meant when a scholium, presumably coming from Didymus, tells us that a reading is supported by "all" or "most" editions? On this point La Roche put forward the strange theory that these expressions referred to copies of the recension of Aristarchus, probably emanating from his successors in the school. It is true that Didymus may have made use of several copies of that recension. He clearly had not access to the original copy in which Aristarchus made his "correction" of the Iliad. But La Roche has not observed that the edition or editions (for there were two) of Aristarchus are often distinguished from "all," or "nearly all," or "most" editions; whereas such a phrase as "all the editions of Aristarchus" never occurs. Moreover, he has not perceived—and in this lies the singular weakness of his view—that the phrases in question come ultimately from Aristarchus himself, and represent his citation of manuscripts and other authorities. Hence the brief note "so Aristarchus and all editions" (*οὕτως Ἀριστάρχως καὶ πᾶσαι*) means "this is the reading which Aristarchus supported by showing that it was found in all the earlier editions which he made use of." Similarly it is needless to ask, with Professor Ludwig, whether the phrase "most" (*αἱ πλείους*) includes the editions of Aristarchus. It properly signifies "most of those that Aristarchus named." In general Aristarchus took the reading of "most" editions; but sometimes he allowed the minority to prevail. The phrases, in short, though they come in the first instance from Didymus, do not refer (as La Roche thought) to manuscripts or editions which Didymus used. They refer to the *apparatus criticus* of Aristarchus, and sum up the evidence set forth in full in his commentary.

A question such as this is important because our object is not so much to arrive at the text of Aristarchus as to recover his *apparatus criticus*. It may be true, as has been generally held, that a modern editor of Homer need not attempt to go behind the recension of Aristarchus. But for the historical study of Greek it would be of inestimable service to know the readings of the old manuscripts, not merely the corrected editions of scholars like Antimachus, but still more the "uncorrected" copies, the *δημιόεις* and *εὐκατέρας* of the critics, and to be able to throw upon them the new light of the science of language. With the text of Aristarchus, instead of the materials from which he worked, we are in the position of a student of architecture who comes to an ancient building, the growth of successive centuries, and finds it fresh from a process of restoration.

Professor Ludwig's chapter on the manuscripts used by the Alexandrine scholars is thoroughly scientific, and free from the readiness to construct hypotheses without evidence which taints so much modern learning. This appears especially in his criticism of the figment of an Attic or "Pisistratean" Homer, supposed to have been written in an archaic alphabet, and to have furnished the basis of the pre-Aristarchean vulgate. He points out that there is no evidence for Cobet's assertion (in his *Miscellanea Critica*) that the manuscripts used by Zenodotus were written with the old Ionic letters. It may have been so, but it is nowhere said or implied. Again, the idea of a recension of Homer made under the superintendence of Pisistratus, and for public use at Athens, rests partly on the existence of the so-called "city-editions" of the scholia (*αἱ ἀπὸ τῶν πόλεων*)—those of Massilia, Argos, &c.—and partly on later notices connecting Pisistratus with Homer. But the notion that these editions were of public authority in their several cities is a mere conjecture (started originally by Villoison). Wolf's supposition, that they were called after the cities from which they had been procured for the library of Alexandria, is equally unproved, but is intrinsically more probable. And the statements of writers of the Roman Empire, such as Pausanias and Elian, even if they were clearer than they are, could not outweigh the absolute silence of the scholia—that is, of Aristarchus. In the first book of the Iliad the edition of Massilia is quoted five times, those of Argos, of Sinope, and of Cyprus each three times. Is it credible that the critics from whom these quotations come knew of an Attic edition, which

would naturally be the most authoritative of all, and never mentioned it? *

In my judgment [says Professor Ludwig] it is idle, in the existing state of our means, to seek for the original source, direct or indirect, from which the pre-Aristarchean editions of Homer may have come. In any case we ought to give up dragging the self-contradictory myth of the "redaction of Pisistratus" by force into a territory in which it has no right of domicile whatever.

And it is time, we may add, to recognize and act upon the truth that scientific proof is essentially the same in all kinds of matter—that we must not be satisfied with less evidence in philology than we require in natural science, or in the ordinary conduct of life.

It is impossible here to notice all the subjects on which Professor Ludwig contributes new or decisive suggestions. We may, perhaps, call attention to his discussion of the short scholia or quasi-scholia which simply give various readings, with the formula γρ. (for γράφεται) or γρ. καί —, or ἐν ἄλλῳ. The question is whether these come from the ancient critics, through Didymus or Aristonicus. Professor Ludwig decides in the negative, showing that similar variants occur in most MSS., and were taken by the scribes from copies before them, or to which they had access. This is confirmed by finding that the variants of this kind seem to have been already on the margin of the *Codex Venetus* when the "text-scholia" came to be written there.

The present volume is called on the title-page the "First Part." Scholars who value every real addition to their knowledge of Homer will look forward with interest to the continuation.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.*

IT is curious to note how little the Southern States of the United States have contributed to American literature. The only book about life in the South as it was before the war which was known to all the world was written by a Northern woman; and even *Uncle Tom's Cabin* owes its fame to its story, to its subject, to its simplicity, and its sincerity, rather than to any extraordinary quality of literary skill. But in the few scant years since the war there has been a change for the better. Scattered here and there throughout the Southern States there are a dozen or more writers whose prose and verse is welcome in the pages of American magazines and on the shelves of American libraries. It is true that there are as yet no first-rate magazines in the South, and few prominent publishers; but there are only a few in the freer and less unsettled West, and the tendency towards the centralization of the publishing trade in New York is too strong to be resisted successfully either in the South or the West. Of the ten or twenty writers now living in the South, Mrs. Burnett, the author of *That Lass o' Lowrie's* and of *Louisiana* is perhaps the best known; but she has left the little town in Tennessee where she spent her childhood after her parents went from England, and has settled down in Washington. A far finer artist than Mrs. Burnett, and a novelist of at once more promise and greater performance, is Mr. George W. Cable, the author of *Old Creole Days* and of *Madame Delphine*, a singularly beautiful and powerful story. Mr. Cable's longest novel, the *Grandissimes*, has never been reprinted in England—for what reason we know not. His latest story is *Dr. Sevier*, now drawing to an end in the pages of the *Century* magazine; like the others, it is a tale of life in New Orleans.

It has been the fashion of certain Europeanized Americans to complain querulously of the poverty of literary material in the United States, and to declare that the American novelist had to make bricks without straw, since he had to do without Baronial Halls, Tall Guardsmen, Fatal Duels, and Beautiful Duchesses, and the other traditional properties of the romancer. Cooper, Hawthorne, Mr. Bret Harte, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Howells, Mr. Cable, and even Mr. James have proved, and are proving, that America is far from a barren field for the novelist, and, indeed, that there is no country where the soil is so fertile and where the conditions are so favourable, if the writer will only open his eyes and see for himself. He must cast aside his European spectacles and conventions and traditions, and he must not expect to be able to do over again in America the twenty-and-twice-told tale which has been done to death in Europe. All over the United States, if a man but search diligently and intelligently, are little nooks and corners where humanity has a colour of its own, and has not yet got itself flattened into the usual grey of the nineteenth century.

There are two writers in the South who have seen this clearly. They have looked about them, and they have set down what they observed. One of them is Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, to whom we owe the creation of *Uncle Remus*, whose tales are delightful alike to the student of dialects, the collector of folk-lore, and the lover of humour. The other is the writer who signs himself "Charles Egbert Craddock," and who has done in detail for the Tennessee mountains what Mr. Harris has done slightly for the mountains of Georgia, and what Mrs. Burnett did cursorily for the mountains of North Carolina. Mr. Harris's new volume, *Mingo*; and other *Sketches in Black and White*, contains four studies of life in Georgia, on the plains, and in the mountains. The first of these, "Mingo," was contributed two years ago to *Harper's Christmas*,

a most estimable publication, which was unfortunately quite unreadable from its elephantine size. The second, "At Teague Poteet's," appeared a year ago in the *Century*. The third and fourth, "Blue Dave" and "A Piece of Land," are now printed for the first time. Taken together, they show, what all careful readers of the two *Uncle Remus* volumes discovered long ago, that Mr. Harris is a born storyteller. Whether Mr. Harris has wind for a long flight or not, of course we cannot declare, although we see no reason to doubt it; and if he is capable of the constructive effort which a long story requires, then there is another American novelist worthy to rank with the best of the American novelists now in high favour with the English public. Mr. Harris has humour in abundance; he has insight into character; he has tenderness—so much we could see in the *Uncle Remus* books; and in the present volume he gives proof of the possession of imagination and of originality in the invention of situation, and of not a little dramatic force. So good, indeed, are these four stories that we do not see how they could be in any way better. If Mr. Harris has limitations as a writer of fiction, they are in nowise made manifest in these pages. When a writer of fiction can draw men and women, the men truly manly and the women of a truth feminine; when he can devise novel situations for them; when he can handle his men and women in these situations with full dramatic propriety; when he shows in all he writes the most careful and loving study of nature and of human nature, when he has vigour and delicacy, strength and tenderness, humour and pathos, we have a right to expect much from him in the future; and Mr. Harris has all these qualities.

The stories he has included in this volume are most aptly named "Sketches in Black and White," for in two of them the chief character is a negro. Mingo and Blue Dave are figures which will not easily slip from the memory. The simplicity of the negro character, its gentleness, its dependent devotion, its feudal reverence for the family of the chief, and many other traits familiar to those who have seen the negro without prejudice, these are all shown in these two sketches by a hundred skilful touches. Mingo, starting for freedom and called back to hard toil by the voice of his "young misties" asking him to care for her orphan baby; Mingo saying "I riz up, I did, en shuck de stiffness out'n my bones, en I look 'way 'cross de river ter de top er de hill whar de road lead. I look en I say, sez I, 'Maybe you leads ter freedom, but, bless God! I gwine back!'" and Uncle Manuel, the old friend of Blue Dave, saying his simple and homely prayers before Kitty—these are two scenes worthy of comparison with the best in contemporary fiction. We had marked many other passages for quotation and comment, but space fails. If what we have said already leaves the impression that Mr. Harris's skill lies only in the delineation of the negro, we have been greatly at fault, for Mingo and Uncle Manuel and Blue Dave are not better drawn or more vividly and naturally presented than Teague Poteet, or his wife, or Mrs. Feratia Bivins, an admirable picture of the typical "poor white trash" woman of the Slave States, or Mrs. Denham, a picture as admirable of the proud and dignified woman of the "first families." And as good as anything in the book, indeed, is the gallery of girls it contains; real women—young, healthy, wholesome, pure, good-looking, and genuinely feminine.

Mr. Harris has left the plains of Georgia for the mountains in only one of his sketches. Mr. Craddock sets the scene of all his stories in the Tennessee mountains. The mountains of Georgia and the mountains of Tennessee are chains of the same range; and the people who live on these mountains are much alike, whether they are within the boundaries of Georgia or of Tennessee. The glimpse of them which we get in "At Teague Poteet's" does not differ from the fuller view to be had in Mr. Craddock's eight stories; it differs rather because Mr. Harris and Mr. Craddock have each their personal equation, than because there is any inherent difference in the people. Mr. Harris makes Woodward, while he is up at Teague Poteet's, remark on the curious impassiveness of the mountaineer, and on his fundamental qualities of courage and endurance; and Mr. Craddock sets before us at greater length these characteristics. Mr. Craddock is more of a poet than Mr. Harris; his sentiment flows more freely, or at least more frequently; he is on more familiar terms with Nature at large. While in Mr. Harris's stories the human interest predominates, in Mr. Craddock's collection of sketches it seems at last as though the real protagonist was the mountain range itself. In the first sketch in the volume, "Drifting Down Lost Creek," there are a half-dozen varying views of the mountain under different conditions of season and hour, recurring again and again, as though Nature were supplying the chorus to Mr. Craddock's tale of a woman's self-sacrifice and devotion. In *Une Page d'Amour*, perhaps the cleanest of M. Zola's novels, something of the same sort is attempted, and the panorama of Paris as seen from a high window is repeated at intervals; but Mr. Craddock's use of the device—unconscious, it may be—is less obtrusive and more effective. Mr. Craddock's descriptions are always admirable; they are not mere bits of "word-painting," gorgeous and meaningless; they are sketches from life, and they recall life, and reproduce simply and exactly the intended impression of life and nature. Mr. Craddock draws men and women with the same gentle hand. Those who like the pathetic may be recommended to read the story of the poor miserable, hunted-down wretch, whose tale is told in "The Harn't that walks Chilhowee"—"harn't" being Tennessee for "ghost." The Tennessee dialect, it may be noted once for all, is very rough, and even Mr. Craddock's skill does not lend beauty to it. For the English reader an effort is necessary to conquer it. On a hasty examination the stories may not seem

* *Mingo*; and other *Sketches in Black and White*. By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston: Osgood & Co. Edinburgh: David Douglas.
In the *Tennessee Mountains*. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Longmans & Co.

to be worth the trouble, as we intimated in our chance reference to the book some weeks ago; but on more careful study the reader will see reason to change this opinion and to be glad that he has taken the pains to master the uncouth dialect.

SOME RECENT SCIENCE BOOKS.*

PROFESSOR TAIT deservedly enjoys a great reputation among his scientific brethren for his profound knowledge of physics, especially in its mathematical aspects, in which he has done some solid original work. But in his eyes the man of science who has attained popularity must be very near akin to a traitor. Popular scientific lecturing and writing no doubt have their uses; but it is a degradation for the "original researcher" to engage in such retail work, and he resolutely declines to countenance the practice by his example. It was, indeed, announced some years ago that the eminent Edinburgh Professor of Natural Philosophy was at last coming to London to give a lecture at a certain "Victoria Philosophical Institute"; but that lecture never came off. For, among other popular delusions which Professor Tait resolutely discountenances, is the not uncommon belief that London is the centre of the universe. Edinburgh, he maintains, is not a bit behind London in anything; F.R.S.E. is as good to conjure with as F.R.S. without the E.; and as he is entitled to append the former to his name, he considers the latter superfluous, though he could have it for the asking any day. Thus it comes about that the name of Professor Tait is not nearly so well known to the general public as are the names of some others who have far less title to be regarded as representatives of pure science than he. And yet for masterly clearness and cautious accuracy of exposition Professor Tait is not surpassed by any scientific writer of our time. This is well exhibited in the nearest approach to a popular work which he has issued—*Lectures on Some Recent Advances in Physical Science*—and must be admitted by all who have had their first glimpses into the mysteries of "Natural Philosophy" in his class-room. But no better examples could be adduced than his two recently published text-books on *Light* and *Heat*. The former, he is careful to tell us, is no mere reprint of his article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It is, indeed, a complete exposition of the subject in its varied aspects, and ought to satisfy all but the most advanced students. Rigidly scientific as is the treatment of both subjects, Professor Tait's human sympathies and antipathies are far too strong to permit him to pass by certain points without flourishing his formidable shillelagh; the "popular scientist" is bad enough, the metaphysician is intolerable, but for the man who confounds force and energy there is no hope. Evidently, in Professor Tait's opinion, science will only have reached perfection when all its facts and doctrines can be reduced to a few mathematical expressions. Non-mathematical science, he seems to think, is scarcely science at all; the experimentalist and researcher (the Faradays and Darwins) are the "hodmen" of science, whose business it is to hand the bricks to the "skilled artificer with his plan and his trowel." These occasional asides are a little relief to the scientific severity which otherwise marks the text-books. Professor Tait does not attempt to minimize the difficulties of the subjects. "No branch of science," he tells us, "is free from real and great difficulties, even in its elements. Any one who thinks otherwise has either not read at all, or has confined his reading to pseudo-science." How really open-minded Professor Tait is, after all, is shown in the text-book on *Light*, in which he does not dismiss the Corpuscular theory as obsolete, but shows that much can be said on its behalf, and that it really explains many of the phenomena. Of course he shows at the same time that the Undulatory theory is the only one tenable in the light of our present knowledge. The text-book on *Light* is specially meant for the lecture-room; and to all students and many teachers of the subjects both of these masterly volumes will be welcome.

We are glad to receive a third edition of the late Mr. C. H. H. Cheyne's *Elementary Treatise on the Planetary Theory*, edited by the Rev. A. Freeman. It is a work after Professor Tait's own heart—the reduction of all we know of the solar system as a system of moving bodies to a series of mathematical expressions. For the student who desires to be introduced to the planetary theory the late Mr. Cheyne's manual can be recommended. Mr. Freeman, while preserving all Mr. Cheyne's work, has made a few additions which add to the value of the manual.

The formidable volume of Mr. Thomas Bassnett on *The True Theory of the Sun* is just one of those works that would raise the ire of Professor Tait and would have delighted the soul of that terror of paradoxers, the late Professor De Morgan. Mr. Bassnett's sub-title tells us that his work shows "the common

origin of the solar spots and corona, and of atmospheric storms and cyclones, with the necessary formulæ and tables for computing the maximum and minimum epochs of solar activity, and the passages in time and place of the chief disturbers of the weather, from the equator to the poles of both hemispheres." Mr. Bassnett is a man with a grievance; for years he has been dinning his doctrines into the deaf ears of American scientists, and this volume is his final effort to compel them to recognize and admit the truth. True, a body of eminent representatives of science were appointed by the American Association to examine and test these wonderful theories, which would do away with the necessity of daily bulletins, as by their help the weather could be settled for all time; but this eminent Committee failed to see that Mr. Bassnett's theories were worthy of serious consideration. Of course the conclusion was due to ignorance and prejudice; so the author maintains. What this wonderful theory is it would be impossible to detail in the space at our command. We may say, however, that, contrary to the best scientific opinion, Mr. Bassnett maintains that the moon is the prime factor in atmospheric disturbance, and that all meteorological, and, indeed, all solar and planetary, phenomena are due to a series of electric vortices which surround us, and which remind us strongly of the cycles and epicycles of the effete Ptolemaic astronomy. Unfortunately, also, Mr. Bassnett mixes up certain religious doctrines with his scientific speculations; and this alone will render the genuine student of science suspicious. The work is certainly worth studying from a psychological point of view; and the author is evidently well acquainted with all that has been recently written on solar physics.

Mr. T. N. Dale's *Outskirts of Physical Science*, another American book, belongs to a class of works which have happily almost ceased to appear in this country, or, if they do appear, are confined to narrow sectarian circles. It may be safely said that nearly all attempts to reconcile "science and religion" convince no one except those who are convinced already. The man whose religion depends upon making Genesis square with geology, or upon a rational explanation of how Joshua succeeded in making the sun stand still without shattering the earth to pieces, is in a hopeless condition. If men like Newton and Faraday, Brewster and Clerk-Maxwell, found nothing in the deepest depths of scientific research to disturb their simple faith, smaller men who are so inclined may say their prayers and cherish charitable hearts without wasting their time and disturbing their peace of mind by poring over such wearisome essays as those before us. The essays profess to present briefly the more important relations of the sciences of nature to faith, education, the Bible, and religious science respectively. Mr. Dale seems to be a good geologist, and would do more service by sticking to his hammer than by writing third-rate essays of the Young Men's Society type.

The last book in our list, Miss Herrick's *Wonders of Plant Life*, is also American in origin, though bearing an English publisher's imprint. Its beautifully executed pictures of sections and parts and organs of plants render it attractive. It begins with the beginnings of life, protoplasm, and cells (if, indeed, even the cell is now considered a necessity of life), and ends with insectivorous plants. The authoress seems to have a fairly accurate knowledge of her subject, though doubtless the microscopic botanist in search of flaws will find them. While her style wants the go of Mrs. Fisher's (Miss Arabella Buckley), still Miss Herrick presents her facts, interesting enough in themselves, in a form that is distinctly attractive. Any one ignorant of botany reading the book carefully will have a good idea of some of the leading phenomena with which the science deals, and is likely to have his appetite whetted for more information. From its dainty and attractive get-up, the book seems specially intended for picture and wonder-loving youth, who, however, to get the full benefit of its instructions, should be provided with microscope and specimens.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS OF KAROLINE BAUER.*

THE professional career of Caroline Bauer was described by the actress herself some years ago in her *Aus meinen Bühnenleben* and her *Komödianten-Fahrten*. Neither of these books has, as far as we know, found a translator. The volumes before us contain her reminiscences of persons of more or less note whom she met with during the early part of her life, together with some autobiographical details, evidently written to retaliate on those whom she counted her enemies. As these Memoirs were intended for posthumous publication, and as the persons whose conduct she attacks were already out of the reach of controversy, she must have died with the pleasing consciousness that, as far at least as they were concerned, she had the advantage of the last word, and that, whatever others might think, no one would ever be able to call upon her to substantiate her story. There is so much that is vile and refuse in this posthumous publication that, in spite of many amusing bits, we should not have been sorry had it remained like its fellows in its original German. Having made this declaration of our opinion we shall as far as possible confine ourselves to the pleasanter parts of the book. As her mother, the widow of a Baden dragoon, was in straitened circumstances, Caroline Bauer was destined for the life of a governess. Her desire to go on the stage was met by the indignant remon-

* *Light*. By P. G. Tait, M.A., Sec. R. S. E. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

Heat. By P. G. Tait, M.A., Sec. R. S. E. London: Macmillan & Co. *An Elementary Treatise on the Planetary Theory*. By the late C. H. H. Cheyne, M.A. Third edition. Edited by Rev. A. Freeman, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

The True Theory of the Sun. By Thomas Bassnett. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Outskirts of Physical Science. Essays, Philosophical and Religious. By T. Nelson Dale. Boston, U.S.: Lee & Shepard.

The Wonders of Plant Life under the Microscope. By Sophie Bledsoe Herrick. London: Allen & Co.

* *Posthumous Memoirs of Karoline Bauer*. From the German. 2 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1884.

strance of an uncle, for the Bauers prided themselves on being an offshoot of the Poniatowski family. When, however, her mother went to live at Coburg with her brother Stockmar, Caroline found an unexpected ally in her cousin Christian, who, since the death of the Princess Charlotte five years before, had been the secretary and confidant of Prince Leopold. The Baron naturally was the most important person in his family, and with his approval Caroline, when not more than sixteen, made her first appearance at the Court theatre at Carlsruhe in 1822. Before the end of two years she accepted an engagement at the King's theatre at Berlin. While she speaks of her professional successes without overmuch self-congratulation, she treats all that belonged to her as woman in glowing terms. She is "the gay, fair actress," with, for a while at least, a "pure young soul." She recounts her various conquests with delight, and adds to those she actually achieved some that are evidently conjectural, pondering, for example, on how wise it would have been had the King married her instead of the Princess Liegnitz, though, in spite of "a whisper that went through the town," he had never spoken to her at the time of his marriage. As a court-actress, she constantly played in the private theatre attached to the palace. Frederick William III. was devoted to the theatre, and was never absent a single evening when he could possibly help it, sometimes driving twelve miles into Berlin to sit through a comedy or farce he had often seen before. Though he used to say that he found opportunity in his box for undisturbed thought, Fräulein Bauer was certainly right in ascribing his constant attendance simply to habit and to ennui. She gives a pleasant account of the old King's behaviour to his actors and actresses. He treated the ladies of the theatre with a mixture of old-fashioned gallantry and paternal care, sometimes paying a compliment, patting a pretty cheek, or saying an encouraging word, while he always strictly insisted on discreet conduct, and was anxious to protect their reputations. No actress, however clever, had a chance of an engagement at his theatre unless she had a good character; and when his Chamberlain, "good papa Timm," could not answer for that, he would say in his jerky fashion, which reminds one of his cousin George III., "Sorry for it. Pleased me well otherwise, but must go. Can't make use of her. Such things are infectious." An indiscreet flirtation he would check with a whispered caution. "He is a *mauvais sujet*. A good name more precious than fine gold. Take my advice, my dear young lady." He was equally thoughtful for the welfare of his actors, and in sickness or sorrow "had always an open heart and an open purse." The slender pay earned by theatrical work made such help often needful. When Caroline Bauer was at Carlsruhe she only received 600 florins a year; at Baden she was engaged at 800 thalers, and, though she often played leading parts, her salary does not seem to have risen above 1,500 thalers during the period described in these volumes. With such incomes it may well be believed that actresses found it a hard matter to keep up a becoming theatrical and private wardrobe, and that the advice of Baron Stockmar to his cousin to be particular as to her gloves and shoes was not altogether needless. Drink-money, too, formed a considerable item in an actress's expenses, and the present of a basket of *Sans-souci* fruit was a burdensome compliment, as it entailed a fee such as a royal lackey would not disdain to accept. Berlin society, however, was by no means extravagant in the early part of the present century. Ladies did not scruple to appear in the same dresses at many different parties, and to drink tea at plain deal tables by the light of "meagre tallow candles."

Small as an actress's pay was, the best work was insisted on. Theatrical matters were of the first importance in the minds of a large number of Germans, the highest standards were set up, and the sharpest and most enlightened criticism was common. A very pitiful story is told of the failure of Wilhelmine Maas, once the favourite pupil of Goethe, who dared to play at Berlin during her engagement at Weimar, and for whose services Goethe and Ifland almost quarrelled. Small and graceful, with an utterance that even Zelter believed might become almost perfect, she was pronounced at Berlin to be wanting in depth of feeling. An unfortunate attachment weighed her down. At Berlin, at Carlsruhe, and then at one town after another, she met with cold receptions, until, broken-hearted, she declared that she saw "the cold night rising, rising without star, without hope"; and died, as it seems, alone and in obscurity. No inconsiderable space is allotted to a brighter subject, the career of Sontag, whose memory is still fresh in the minds of many of us. Although in 1824 the future queen of the opera had excited but little enthusiasm in Vienna, Weber had already recognized her power by writing *Euryanthe* for her; and Beethoven had entrusted her with solos, and made her ill "with choice sweet wine in his chaotic bachelor apartments." Even before she arrived at Berlin "the Sontag fever" raged, and after her first appearance it reached an extraordinary height:—

The laurel trees stood soon (*sic*) leafless, and the prices of nosegays rose, so many wreaths and bouquets were night after night showered upon the intoxicating "Italienerin." At the booking-office of the Königsstadt Theatre there was a perfect fight for tickets, and at night many a tail of a dress-coat (*sic*), many a lady's shoe and false tress of hair were lost.—I. 286.

The great singer's visit to Paris was looked on as a matter of national concern; her success there was hailed as "a brilliant victory"; and the news that she had accepted a three years' engagement almost turned the love of the Berliners into bitterness. Some notice is given of her life as the wife of the Sardinian Ambassador, Count Rossi, and of the gallant struggle with

poverty which caused her reappearance in England in 1849, the beginning of her second and too quickly ended career as a public singer.

The life of a German actress some sixty years ago had other drawbacks besides the smallness of her pay. Mrs. Kendal certainly would have had good cause to complain of the "suggestiveness" of some favourite comedies, as even Caroline Bauer in her early days was abashed by equivocations which kept the audience in a roar of laughter. The wardrobe of the theatre was mean; and it was mortifying to an actress, when especially anxious to create a good impression, to have "to sing and dance as a Hottentot" in an old scarlet frock, made eight years before for another and shorter lady, and lengthened by a border of red cloth. Grievances arising from the distribution of parts are certainly not peculiar to any stage or any time, though a curious adherence to the right of seniority made the position of a young actress at Berlin somewhat disheartening. Caroline Bauer's troubles in this respect, however, were lessened after a stormy scene, followed by a pretty love passage, with Raupach, the autocrat of the Berlin stage. A well-drawn picture is given of Goethe's friend, old Zelter. At the house of this famous music-master, Caroline often met his pupil, Felix Mendelssohn, then sixteen, and a charming dancer, who, she says, might have served as a model for a picture of Benjamin, while Zelter, whose love for him was great, would have made a capital Jacob. The visit of Paganini to Berlin in 1829 was a time of great excitement; and we are told how, "when his G string wailed," men wept for mingled sadness and delight. More interesting now than a repetition of the oft-repeated description of the playing, described by Goethe as "a pillar of fire and cloud," is the little scene in which the actress touched the heart of the haggard violinist by kissing his sleeping child. Of Moscheles, from whom she received some kindness, the writer tells us how, when a sudden illness seized the great pianist, her mother rouged his pale face, and how then, in spite of his suffering, he played before the King "like a god." One great trouble that beset the young actress arose from the extravagance of her brother, an officer in the army. The repeated demands for money made by this worthless young fellow, together with certain troubles at Berlin, arising some from her own imprudence, and some from circumstances beyond her control, caused her in 1828 to undertake a professional journey to St. Petersburg. A lively account is given of this expedition, which of course had to be made with post-horses, and cost no less than 100 Friedrichs-d'or.

The larger part of the second volume of these Memoirs is devoted to a long account of the ill-treatment the writer considered she received from Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards King of the Belgians, and his secretary Baron Stockmar. We are not concerned to defend the master from the charge of cold-blooded selfishness, or the man from that of being a subservient schemer; indeed, if almost any part of the story before us is true, Stockmar's conduct with regard to his cousin was surpassingly vile. At the same time we cannot but observe that, whatever Caroline Bauer's troubles were, she entered on the life she found so full of disappointment and misery of her own accord, and that she only reaped as she had sown. Nor, considering the position she then occupied, is it easy to believe that so wary a man as Stockmar talked to her of his master in the way she describes, and this shakes our belief in other parts of her story. Her anger against Leopold makes her take the worst view of his conduct in all matters. Though Stein's disgust at the failure of the long negotiation concerning the crown of Greece led him to accuse the "Marquis Peu-à-peu," as George IV. used to call his son-in-law, of want of tone and manly resolution, and to assert that he was speculating on changes which seemed likely to follow the approaching death of the English King, the utmost that can be laid to Leopold's charge appears to be a foolish craving for the Greek throne before he had ascertained the terms on which it was to be had. The refusal of the Powers to include Acarnania and Ætolia in the new kingdom, and the opposition of a party among the Greeks themselves, were sufficient causes for his drawing back. And it is absurd to pretend that the remote chance of the regency of England would have kept him from accepting a present crown, had it been possible to have obtained it on becoming terms. The long recapitulation of the wearying and disgusting story of the quarrels of George IV. with his wife and daughter is wholly out of place in this book; it has nothing to do with the subject, it adds nothing to our knowledge, and is indeed necessarily a compilation from ordinary sources. As the volumes before us were to be translated, it would have been well if they had received some editorial care. They have neither index, nor headings to the pages, nor even any efficient division into chapters.

HOWARD THE PHILANTHROPIST, AND HIS FRIENDS.*

IN his new piece of biographical compilation Dr. Stoughton pretends, as usual with him, that he has given to the world another work founded upon the most elaborate and painstaking researches. "What I have written," he says in his preface, "is based upon an examination of original authorities, including Howard's own works, which are really biographical." It is quite true that Howard's own works are really biographical, but Dr. Stoughton has not introduced a single quotation from them which he did not find ready to his hand in the book from which his own has been

* *Howard the Philanthropist, and his Friends.* By John Stoughton. D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1884.

compiled. His *Howard the Philanthropist* is simply a book-maker's abridgment of the bulky *Memoirs of the Public and Private Life of John Howard the Philanthropist*, published by James Baldwin Brown, of the Inner Temple, in 1818, and dedicated to Wilberforce. His pretended gleanings from the *Universal Magazine*, *Gentleman's Magazine*, *European Magazine*, and other periodical literature, are all to be found in Dr. Brown's book, although, on account of its rarity, few will be able to detect Dr. Stoughton's wholesale appropriations. If he has here and there filled up some of the lapses in Brown, this is not due to his own research, but to the materials provided for him by the Rev. J. Field's "Correspondence of John Howard." The borrower makes a feeble acknowledgment of his debts, but it is put into such a form as to mislead the unknowing reader. Dr. Stoughton gives four reasons for the appearance of his volume—that "former Lives of Howard were most of them out of print"; that "my publishers urged me to resume my studies"; that all former biographies, from want of gush and picturesqueness, or some other qualities in which the present appropriator of other men's labours is supposed to excel, "failed to meet the present taste for biographical literature"; lastly, and chiefly, that "though eulogies in abundance had been pronounced on Howard's achievements, full justice had not been done to his religious peculiarities, his ecclesiastical relations, and certain aspects of his personal character." Dr. Brown was an awkward and ungainly writer, but he was a very honest and laborious one. Howard's own manuscript journals were in his possession, and he cites them so faithfully as even to reproduce the extraordinary spelling of the philanthropist, which Dr. Stoughton in his purloinings from Brown always corrects. "Attoning sacrifice," "separate," "preist," "empourer" (Joseph II.), "sencible," "beging," "Avegion," "Scienna," "Heilderberg," "Monanco," may serve as specimens. Howard's father was a City tradesman and an Independent. Dr. Stoughton patronizingly calls him "the worthy upholsterer," and unhistorically calls him "a Nonconformist." He says that it "was natural for him to entrust his son's education to a member of his own communion." The words are borrowed from Brown, who says that the elder Howard was "of Calvinistic principles." Dr. Stoughton introduces a few pages of padding in glorification of the noble character of Dissenting schooling; but Dr. Aikin, Howard's earliest biographer, observes that the father's choice of a school "was the source of a lasting misfortune." The recollection of his school was almost the only thing which ever stirred up the unselfish Howard to use strong language about any evil done to himself. Howard once complained to Aikin, as the latter tells us, "with greater indignation than I have heard him express upon many subjects, that after a continuation of seven years at this school, he left it, not fairly taught one thing." Aikin adds that "the children of most of the opulent Dissenters of the metropolis" were sent to the same schoolmaster, "though he was extremely deficient in the qualifications requisite for such an office." The ignorance and sectarianism which Howard contracted under this miserable training are too evident in the painfully bigoted entries which occur in his earliest foreign journals. He only stripped himself in later life of his Calvinistic and Independent prejudices by his actual contact with men whom he had been taught to regard as slaves of Antichrist, and by discovering that they really were men and Christians. Brown, to whom Dr. Stoughton owes all his knowledge of Howard's schooling, says that "the censure passed by Dr. Aikin upon the father of Mr. Howard is well founded."

Dr. Stoughton's book is a quarter the size of Dr. Brown's, and yet he rarely misses an occasion of expanding Dr. Brown's inch into Dr. Stoughton's yard. Thus, where Brown says "the Hague," Stoughton says "the quaint and courtly Hague." For Brown's "Avignon," Stoughton gives us "the Papal city of Avignon," though it was not a Papal city, but a French city, when Howard visited it. While we find "Marseilles" in Brown, we find in Stoughton "the flourishing port of Marseilles"; Brown speaks of "Hackney," but Stoughton of "Hackney, celebrated as the residence of Dr. Bates." Brown speaks of "the hogsheds and ledgers in Watling Street," Stoughton expands the hint into "scales and ledgers, hogsheds of sugar, and chests of tea." It is true that Brown has no sense of the picturesque or the humorous. His defect in the latter is evident in the odd inscription which he has placed under the portrait of Mrs. Howard:—"Henrietta, the second and favourite wife of John Howard, the philanthropist." His first wife was a widow, more than twice his age, the woman in whose house he lodged at Stoke Newington, whom the young fellow married out of pure chivalry, because he did not know what other return he could make to her for her kindness to him when he was ill. Dr. Stoughton's ceaseless word-portraits are to us the most tiresome of all his expansions of Brown's hints. Brown says that Howard was sent to school at Hertford. Hereupon Dr. Stoughton begins, "We can imagine the pupil at Hertford as thin and fragile, with a benevolent countenance," &c. Brown says that Howard was bound "apprentice to Mr. Newnham, grandfather to the late Alderman Newnham"; Stoughton, who is constantly too hurried and careless in his borrowings to be exact, tells us that "the school-boy was bound apprentice to Alderman Newnham," who was dead and buried; he then plunges into one of his pictorial expansions—"Hence, to other memories which pleasantly haunt the streets of London, we may add this of the grocer's apprentice passing along," &c. Brown says that Howard, after coming into his wealth, took a lodging in Stoke Newington; Stoughton recollects that Dr. Watts, the Dissenter, lived in Stoke Newington

in Sir Thomas Abney's house. He at once assumes that Howard must have known him, and begins:—"I like to think of the young man coming into contact with one who had made his mark in English Literature, of the two talking about Sir Thomas Abney, and of his receiving the venerable sage's advice, as they took a turn down shady avenues in the garden and the park." Such wholly imaginary interviews and conversations may be what "my publishers" call "biographical literature," for which amongst Liberationists and Dissenting Sunday-school teachers there may be an "increasing taste"; but biography it is not. Brown tells us that Howard was admitted a member of the Royal Society; Stoughton expands:—"There sits the new member, thin and spare, with large eyes, bold Roman nose . . . tie wig and double curls." Brown simply tells us that Howard's second wife planted one of the trees in the garden at Cardington; whereupon Dr. Stoughton bursts forth:—"We see her light form tripping over the grass, &c." Brown says that when his wife was ill, they removed to Watcombe, and though he expressly states that "of his manner of living there we have no other account than that given by Dr. Aikin," which is contained in thirteen lines, Dr. Stoughton expands these thirteen lines into four or five pages in the following style:—"I could picture him in his cocked hat on the way to Sunday worship," &c.

The result of these ceaseless expansions, of this india-rubber "trick of composing 'biographical literature,'" is that the expander has no room left for the worthy treatment of that which is really distinctive of Howard as a great Englishman. In his chapters headed "Prison Researches Abroad" and "Lazaretos" we have nothing but a hurried and meagre analysis of the materials collected for him by Dr. Brown, interspersed with historical illustrations of his own, which are seldom trustworthy. Thus in 1770 Howard was in Rome, often saw the Pope, and was even blessed by him. Howard calls him "the good worthy man," and says that "he dispenses with my kneeling." Dr. Stoughton tells us that "Clement XIII." was then Pope, that he was "a pontiff distinguished more by his virtues than his policy. He struggled to uphold the prerogatives of his see, and found it hard work to maintain the cause of the Jesuits. He disliked change, and resisted reform." Every one of these bold statements is false. Who can have juggled Dr. Stoughton so cruelly? The first Pope who blessed Howard—he was more emphatically blessed afterwards by Pius VI.—was no other than the one great Papal foe of the Jesuits, the liberal and manly Ganganelli, Clement XIV., who in 1773, by the Bull "Dominus ac Redemptor noster," abolished the order. Howard himself, in a letter from Rome to his ex-pastor, Mr. Symonds, of Bedford, says there is "an important piece of news of this Court (expuls-n of the J-s-ites) that I know, I durst not commit to writing."

Stoughton cites from this letter, but does not own that he borrows it from Brown, who has printed the whole of it. If it were worth while we should expose the perverse and ridiculous misrepresentations of Howard's candidature at the Bedford election, in which Dr. Stoughton, in spite of Brown's clear and fair statement, affects to see a contest between a "Nonconformist" and the "High Church party." If any one really wishes to know what John Howard was and what he did, he had better leave Dr. Stoughton's gushing and misleading compilation alone, and send to some library for Brown's book. A comparison of the two throws an instructive light upon the literary method of Dr. Stoughton. It is a characteristic of the latter to be always quite sure where Dr. Brown, with his fuller knowledge, is hesitating or doubtful. Thus where Brown tells us that Howard took his wife "to a place of public resort, I believe it was to the Pantheon," Dr. Stoughton confidently has no doubts, and asserts that "he took his wife to the Pantheon."

ART IN CHALDEA AND ASSYRIA.*

THE two handsome volumes which MM. Perrot and Chipiez published last year have been succeeded by two more. Their former theme was art in Egypt; and, though their work was not distinguished by any brilliant discoveries or any new or striking views, it was a very adequate and complete account, within strictly historical lines, of the art of the various kingdoms and nations which we are apt to confuse together under the name of "ancient Egypt." We ventured, in reviewing the book, to find fault with the smaller illustrations, which, to any one acquainted with the originals in the museum at Boolak, were simply caricatures. In the present volumes, though some of the drawings are too sketchy to do justice to the subjects, the cuts are very superior; and, as in the former work, the architectural views and restorations are admirable. The most important and illustrative objects are in the British Museum, and any reader can judge of the accuracy of the representations in MM. Perrot and Chipiez's book. The historical sketch is extremely clear. There is no literary feat which a French author performs better than that of abridging history. A German makes his summary stiff with dry facts. An Englishman takes opinions without facts. But a Frenchman can step lightly over the highest points, neglecting or ignoring what is not necessary to the narrative, and leaving on the reader's mind a clear, if often mistaken and inaccurate, impression, flattering him with the idea that he is now fully acquainted with the whole

* *A History of Art in Chaldaea and Assyria*. From the French of Georges Perrot and Charles Chipiez. By Walter Armstrong. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

subject, and has nothing more to learn. This sort of thing is pleasant reading; and in the case before us we have to say a word of commendation for Mr. Armstrong's translation.

As with Egypt, the great difficulty with Mesopotamia is the history and chronology. True, there are ascertained Chaldean dates earlier than any yet fixed in Egyptian history. Beyond the succession of the great Theban dynasty, which commenced with Aahmes in or about B.C. 1700, chronology is wholly at fault. We cannot date the isolated and, so to speak, episodic civilization of the Twelfth Dynasty, and still less that of the Pyramid builders. We only know the order of succession. In Mesopotamia, however, we have, to mention a single example, such a fixed date as B.C. 2295. In the year B.C. 660 Assurbanipal took Susa, and rescued from the temple there certain sacred statues, which he brought home with him. Inscriptions have been deciphered in which the King, recording the fact, goes on to say that these statues had been carried away 1,655 years before, by Chedor-nakhounta, King of Elam. M. Maspero calls Chedor-nakhounta "Koudour," and this seems to have been a title of some kind, as in addition we have Koudour Lagamer, the Chedorlaomer of Genesis, and Koudour Mabouk among the lists of Elamite kings. The Manetho of Mesopotamia is Berosus or Berossus, a Babylonish priest under the Seleucids, whose work, like that of his Egyptian contemporary, only exists in fragments, and was long discredited as fabulous. The recent discoveries all tend to rehabilitate Berosus, as they have rehabilitated Manetho; and Berosus goes much further back than Chedor-nakhounta, who, in fact, would come into his third dynasty. The first king, however, with whom MM. Perrot and Chipiez deal is Ourkam, whom M. Maspero prefers to call Libkagas. Ourkam was identified by Hincks with Arioch, King of Ellasar, and the name was spelled Ouroukh, or Ouriyak. The correct form has not yet been ascertained with certainty, and most scholars accept it provisionally as "Ourkam." The first syllable may contain a reference to Ur, or Our, "of the Chaldees." The seal of Ourkam is in the British Museum, and many bricks are found stamped with his name and that of his son Ilgi. The Elamite invasion of B.C. 2295 put an end to the dynasty.

Such are the beginnings of Mesopotamian history. Their study is of peculiar interest on account of its connexion with the Scriptural narrative. But to follow the history of the arts as here set forth by MM. Perrot and Chipiez obliges the reader to keep much in his mind besides the mere beginnings of things. We must arrange in order and distinguish the different periods. At first every petty State had its city and its king. Thus it was in the time of Abraham. The great conquerors of the Eighteenth Dynasty in Egypt subdued them all. Then Nineveh, a city in the far north, whose Assyrian inhabitants knew of no art save the art of war, descended on Mesopotamia and made of it a single kingdom. Next came the turn of Babylon; but Assyria once more prevailed for a time, to be at length finally ruined by a combination of the Babylonians and the Medes. The reigns of Nebuchadnezzar and his family brought the last native monarchy to a close, and Cyrus took Babylon in B.C. 536.

The masters of the valley varied during this millennium and a half, but the art retained throughout certain characteristics of its own. The reason for this is that the artists were all probably of the same race, perhaps of the same caste. The rough Assyrian employed the people he had conquered to celebrate his victories, and the only new and external influence came from Egypt. There are objects in ivory at the British Museum carved with purely Egyptian designs; and the same influence, which sprang from invasions of Egypt as much as from invasions by Egypt, is very apparent in many other directions. The great difference between the two countries lies in the fact that, whereas in Egypt the great monuments were funerary, few tombs have been found in Chaldea and none in Assyria. So, too, though the gods of Mesopotamia are represented in animal forms, yet there was no worship of sacred animals. There is a strange legend in Berosus of a human-headed fish which came up out of the sea and instructed the people. He first appeared in the reign of the first king of Babylon, and he, or other beings like him, returned at intervals for many generations. "He gave them an insight into letters and sciences, and arts of every kind," says the chronicler. Down to the latest time a divinity partly covered with the scales of a fish was sculptured under the name of Anou—the same, probably, as the Dagon of the Bible. Berosus calls him Oannes—the Greek form, no doubt, of Anou. The Egyptians had a fish-god called An; but it will not do to jump to the conclusion that he was the same as the Chaldean Anou. The story may, however, be taken as evidence that art was an importation, and that the first artist came from beyond the sea, and was looked upon as a divinity on account of his skill, very little of which would be enough to appear superhuman to the unskilled. The oldest writings are more or less hieroglyphical in character; that is to say, the signs represent natural objects. When it became necessary for the purpose of writing on clay tablets to use a sharp-pointed wedge of metal, such representations became more and more conventionalized, until they gradually lost all form; but in the British Museum there is the precious fragment of a kind of dictionary in which the cuneiform writing is side by side with the original and natural object represented.

The "restorations" of temples and palaces by M. Chipiez are among the most interesting of the many pictures with which these volumes are adorned. In Egypt, where stone was abundant,

buildings continued always, as in Greece, to retain traces of wooden construction. But there was no primeval wood or stone in Chaldea, and crude brick, strengthened and faced with burnt brick and terra-cotta, was the one available building material. In Assyria stone was to be had; but the Chaldean artists, imported by their conquerors, clung to the traditions of their own stoneless country, and we have at Nineveh few of those imposing effects with which the monoliths of Egypt impress the beholder. Mesopotamia was covered with edifices that resembled in outline a "stepped pyramid." The temple of Bel at Babylon has been variously identified with Babil and with the Birs Nimroud; but MM. Perrot and Chipiez are disposed, on good but not conclusive grounds, to consider Babil, which is on the left bank of the Euphrates, to be "the temple of the foundations of the earth," which stood in the very centre of the royal city, and was seen and admired by Herodotus. If this be so, the Birs Nimroud would be the hardly less celebrated temple of Borsippa. No excavations have thrown any light on the disposition of the buildings at Babil. It consists of a huge mass of crude brick which rises to a height of one hundred and thirty feet from the dead level of the plain. The Birs Nimroud has yielded fuller results, but has not been completely examined even yet. Sir A. H. Layard had no time to take measurements during a hurried visit, and had to depend on those of an earlier traveller Rich. They suggest a building which must have had a circumference of not less than half a mile. The temple at Babil must have been still larger, but neither can have reached the dimensions of the Great Pyramid. The religious buildings of Assyria were smaller than those of Chaldea, and, though likewise built mainly of crude brick, were faced with stone. When Xenophon traversed the valley of the Tigris with the Ten Thousand, he saw a large abandoned city, to which he applies the name of Larissa. "Near this town," he says, "there was a stone pyramid two plethra (about 203 feet) high; each side of its base was one plethron in length." The tower cleared by Sir Austin Layard at Nimroud is perhaps this one described by Xenophon. The substructure is cased with stone, which would deceive his eyes. The great representative of a palace is that of Sargon, at Khorsabad, of which we have both a careful restoration, with diagrams and plans, and a clear description. Sargon was the father of Sennacherib, and was the founder of the last Ninevite dynasty. His buildings at Khorsabad, a few miles north-east of his capital, have yielded the most interesting and important of the sculptures in the British Museum. Like the staged temples, and, in short, all Assyrian art, the type of palace presented by Khorsabad is a development of the Chaldean style in use many centuries before Calach and Nineveh had conquered the cities of Lower Mesopotamia. The enamelled bricks were purely Chaldean, while, of course, the stone-work—the great human-headed bulls of our national collection—are more distinctively Assyrian. It is impossible to make any kind of summary of the contents of these two lavishly-illustrated volumes. They are compressed already to the utmost; and without the pictures, of which there are so many, no mere description would convey the distinct and vivid impression left upon the mind by a study of the work.

DANTE'S PURGATORIO.*

MUSURUS PASHA may be much congratulated upon the way in which he is proceeding with his translation of the *Divina Commedia* into Greek, and upon having found so congenial and scholarly an employment for the hours left at his own disposal after the discharge of his arduous diplomatic functions at the Court of St. James. The translation of the *Purgatorio* is now completed by him, and worthily succeeds the version of the *Inferno* which appeared a couple of years ago. The middle portion of Dante's great work contains some of the most beautiful and tender passages to be found in the whole poem; and, when once acquaintance is made with it, it is generally apt to take a strong hold upon the affection and admiration of its students. Any translation of it, following the execution of a similar task devoted to the *Inferno*, is likely to rise along with the original, and to derive all the advantage to be expected from the practice and experience already attained. This is the case with the *Kathartirion* of the present Turkish Ambassador in England, which thoroughly equals, if it does not indeed surpass, his previous performance. As specimens of the Greek version, two short passages which are among the most striking and familiar ones in the poem may be quoted. The first is that of the well-known four lines, in which the tragedy of a life is so briefly and so pathetically told (Canto V., v. 133):—

Μένυσο κάμου τῆς Πίας, ἥτις ἔσχον
Τὸ ζῆν ἐν Σήρῃ, τὸ θανεῖν ἐν Μαρίμῃ.
Τοῦτ' οὐδ' ἔκείνος, ὃς πρὶν μεμνηταμένην
Γαμετὴν ἔσχε μ' οἰκείῳ δακτυλίῳ.

The other is that which constitutes the opening of the Eighth Canto:—

Ὅρα τὸν πόθον διεγείρουσ' ἦν ᾗδῃ
Τὸν πλωτήρων, ὃν μαλάσσει τὴν καρδίαν,
Καθ' ἣν ἡμέραν εἶπον τοῖς φίλοις χαίρει,
Πάλλεται τ' ἔρωτι τὸν νείον ὁδοιπόρον,
Εἴπερ κώδωνα μακρόθεν ποτ' ἀκούει
Δοκούonta κλαίειν τὴν θηήσκουσαν ἡμέραν.

* *Dante's Purgatorio*. Translated into Greek Verse by Musurus Pasha, D.C.L. London: Williams & Norgate. 1884.

A curious example of an oversight which has escaped attention occurs at the entrance to Purgatory proper (Cant. IX. v. 117) where the keys, one of gold and one of silver, there mentioned are made in the translation to be *three* instead of two.

It is to be hoped that Musurus Pasha may find leisure under the pressure of his public duties to continue his good work, and that he will in due course complete his labours by giving to the public a version of the *Paradiso*, and so end by having finally reached

L'amor, che muove l'sole e l'altre stelle.

LORIMER'S LAW OF NATIONS.*

LIKE its forerunner, which we noticed last year, this second and last volume of Professor Lorimer's book about international law is a strange conglomerate of political sagacity and extravagant jurisprudence. Whether the author is denouncing the three rules of the Washington Treaty, or construing the first verses of the Fourth Gospel, or prophesying that Scotland will demand Home Rule, or convicting Sir William Harcourt of some deadly juristic heresy touching perfect and imperfect obligations, or deriding "the Expansion of England" as a cockney ideal, or soaring into transcendental philosophy, or holding out hopes to English lawyers that, if they will but renounce their fad, utility, and Austin, their false prophet, they may yet find place in the select circle of scientific jurists, whatever he writes is shrewdly and vigorously written, sometimes, as we think, perverse, but never dull. The book ends, as such a book ought to end, with a project of international organization very concrete and very amusing. The international legislative body will sit at Constantinople, or, if Constantinople cannot be had, then at Geneva. It will consist of a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. Each senator will hold office for life, and will have an international title which will descend as an honour to his eldest son. A senator will give his services gratuitously, but every deputy will be paid, "say 1,000*l.*, in the name of expenses, for each Session in which he will serve." It is not yet certain how many senators and deputies there will be, for we do not know how many States will adopt the project, but the number of judges (for of course there is to be an international tribunal) is already fixed; that number, it is almost needless to say, is fifteen. Then there is to be an international Executive and an international Bar. It will thus be seen that many details are already settled; but probably we have said enough to induce the curious to seek further information in the book at large. We see no harm in such dreams; very sensible and hard-headed men have indulged in them, and have yet been able to awake to fact whenever called. They may serve to bring before our imaginations in a vivid, because fantastic, shape the real obstacle to any great and lasting improvement in the behaviour of States towards each other. Without being careful to dissect the Professor's visions, we are at one with him in thinking that any such improvement will probably involve the growth of an international organism having command of physical force. Mere preaching, as Englishmen should know from experience, is useless, and is apt to render the preaching nation ridiculous. We may preach peace; but there will be no peace unless we are ready to say that the peace must and shall be kept, though we have to fight for its maintenance.

We might just as well hope to administer municipal law by distributing tracts as to arrest the course of international wrongdoing by printing Blue Books. It is the terror produced by the certainty that physical force is near at hand that can alone render its application superfluous. Force is the bulwark on which international credit depends, and fear is its circulating medium.

We think this sound sense, a truth to be taken to heart by those who would have peace at any price, and yet are unwilling to pay what is and will continue to be the price fixed by supply and demand. The foundation of our national law is the king's peace; in other words, force irresistible by the individual wrongdoer. "Our problem is to project into international life the institutions of which we have had experience in national life." Distant as this ideal may be, there is no reason for deeming it unattainable; and if we are inclined to urge that States are not yet sufficiently civilized to become members of an international organism, Professor Lorimer has ready the cogent answer, "Savages are incapable of municipal organization beyond its most rudimentary stages; and yet it is by means of municipal organization that men cease to be savages."

It must not be supposed that the whole of this volume is taken up with schemes for a future which most will regard as very remote; on the contrary, there is a great deal of sound and valuable criticism (for, despite the title of his book, *Institutes of the Law of Nations*, Professor Lorimer is a critic rather than an expositor) of the received rules about the rights and duties of belligerents and neutrals. The criticism is, however, often spoiled by what we have called extravagant jurisprudence—that is, by the use of juristic methods of argument to solve questions of morals and politics. The writer is not attempting to systematize or to reconcile the rules which have actually been observed or invoked in the past, but to suggest rules for the future. This being so, the scientific jurisprudence which he glorifies seems to us quite out of place. We could not, if we would, go back to the days when Grotius could blend law and politics and morals into one subject-matter, to

be studied by one method. To have freed politics from the jurist's dominion is a feat which, at least in this country, has been done once and for all; and when we say in this country we mean that the phrase shall include Scotland. Dr. Lorimer seemingly thinks that the dislike of juristic methods is an Englishman's "fad," due to Bentham and Austin. But we believe that here at least there is no reason why a Scotch philosopher should sigh for Home Rule. As a matter of fact the rebellion against the jurisprudence of nature began in the controversy raised by Hobbes, and the chief offender in this matter, if offence there has been, was no other than David Hume. The other great representatives of Scotch philosophy, though they may be more orthodox in the eyes of the theologian, must be almost as heretical in the eyes of the natural lawyer.

As an illustration of our meaning we may take a subject in treating which Professor Lorimer shows us both his best and his worst—the capture of enemy's goods at sea. Now no one who distinguishes between international law as heretofore received, and his own speculations about what law ought to be, doubts for one moment that it is perfectly lawful to seize enemy's goods on an enemy's ship. The only question that there can be is whether it would be well that such seizures should in the future be forbidden by law. Most men will find but little difficulty in this question. Perhaps of all possible means of conducting warfare there is none at once so effectual and so merciful. We do not remember having seen the arguments in favour of this conclusion more forcibly stated than in the book before us. On the one hand, this method of war is merciful. "It is the only form of warfare in which life is not even endangered. The capture of an unarmed merchantman by a ship of war is usually effected by firing a single gun across her bows at a distance probably of a quarter of a mile. Resistance being impossible, a prize crew of disciplined men, commanded by an officer, is peaceably received on board, and not a blow or even a discourteous word passes between the parties." On the other hand, any assertion that the seizure of merchandise is not an effective means of prosecuting a war is sufficiently answered by the doings of the *Alabama*, and yet "the whole proceedings of the *Alabama*, which caused such consternation to the Northern States, and involved us in so heavy a pecuniary loss, did not cost a single life." We should have been quite willing to treat arguments such as these as simply conclusive; but for some reason or other they will not satisfy scientific jurisprudence. They are not neat enough, not absolute enough. Scientific jurisprudence, it would seem, has committed itself to a foolish saving to be found in Rousseau's essay on the Social Contract:—"War is a relation not between men, but between States. This is just the sort of dogma to captivate a lawyer who has some, but not very much, philosophy. It reminds him of things with which he is familiar, of corporations, joint-stock companies, and the like. Of course it is plausible enough. From the pregnant saying that football is a relation not between boys, but between sides, one may in true forensic style deduce the Rugby rules or the Eton rules or the natural laws of football, or indeed any other rules. But perhaps our maxim about war leads most easily to the rule that a belligerent State may seize what belongs to the hostile State in its corporate capacity, but not what belongs to a member of that State in his private capacity. Some Continental theorists are not unwilling to draw this inference. Professor Lorimer has too much common sense ("what we in Scotland call Common Sense") to reject his own powerful arguments, which favour a directly opposite doctrine; but still the claims of scientific jurisprudence have to be satisfied. A reconciliation may be possible. Suppose a war between the British Empire (Limited) and the United States (Limited), the goods of an English merchant may not as such be seized by the captain of an American cruiser, for war is a relation, not between men, but between States. But then we must consider that each of these hostile corporations may lawfully expropriate its own members on paying full compensation for the goods or lands it takes. In time of peace this right is exercised under the Lands Clauses Act, the Army Regulation Act, or the like. Then, in time of war, each corporation has a right to destroy the corporate existence of the other, and, as it were, to appoint itself liquidator in a compulsory winding-up. The American captain, therefore, who boards a British merchantman must be deemed to stand in the shoes of the British Empire. This being so, he can exercise that Empire's right of compelling a sale of the cargo. He draws a bill on Great Britain, and thereby pays for the goods; and, the goods having thus become the property of Great Britain in its corporate capacity, then of course they can lawfully be seized.

We must confess to having put this argument in our own words, and thereby rendered it a little more grotesque than it was before, but do not think that we have seriously misrepresented the Professor; and, at any rate, the short of it is that the English merchant's goods may be seized, provided the United States will engage to compensate him in case he cannot get compensation from Great Britain. It will be time enough to discuss this scheme when scientific jurisprudence has discovered that, in case of war between France and Germany, no Prussian soldier may lawfully break down a French hedge until the German Empire has undertaken to see that the owner of the hedge shall receive adequate compensation for the damage done to him. Meanwhile we cannot think that a singularly humane and effective mode of conducting warfare should be made less effective merely because Rousseau or some other speculator has seen good to say that war is a relation, not between men, but between States.

* *The Institutes of the Law of Nations: a Treatise on the Jural Relations of Separate Political Communities.* By James Lorimer. 2 vols. Vol. II. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1884.

A FORGOTTEN GENIUS.*

WE have to quarrel with Mr. Bell on the very threshold of his book. In attempting to secure attention for his monograph, he has prejudiced his readers against it by his title-page. A "forgotten genius" Charles Whitehead is not. If he is forgotten, it is because he possessed nothing that extended beyond talent, and because the history of literature, in order to confine itself within practicable bounds, is obliged to drop into oblivion those names that are merely second-rate, imitative, and unimpressive. The unfortunate Whitehead was essentially one of these; his works contain no glimmer of what can properly be termed genius; and while we find no fault with Mr. Bell for attempting to revive his memory, and for drawing public attention to a sad and laborious career, we think he is his own worst enemy in claiming for the subject of his eulogy an honour which every one will feel to be exaggerated. The same want of sobriety of judgment pervades the volume. Mr. Bell prefaces with "the following magnificent passage" some lines that are barely up to the average of merit. A tawdry piece of melodrama is introduced as being "truly magnificent in its intensity and imaginative ardour." "All this," says Mr. Bell, "is the very highest style of art"; when there it is before our eyes in all its second-rate feebleness. He reminds us of the tailors in Andersen's story praising the gold lace and the glittering brocades on the king's dress, when a child can see that his Majesty has nothing on him at all.

Charles Whitehead was born in 1804. He was one of the earliest of the little band of writers, none of them in the first rank, who fell at once under the influence of Shelley. If Mr. Bell, instead of writing the volume before us, had given himself to a sober chronicle of this interesting group of young men, he would have added something to our knowledge of literature. Thomas Wade, with his rare first volume of 1825, led the van of his imitative band, in which, however, Whitehead, with his *Solitary*, published in 1831, took a prominent place. This youthful poem, written in Spenserian stanzas, in direct emulation of *Adonais*, was much praised by Christopher North, and is by far the most successful of Whitehead's longer productions in prose or verse. Mr. Bell gives copious extracts from it, enough to show that the versification is fluent and melodious, and that Shelley's elegiac manner has been very happily caught. As the work of a young man of seven-and-twenty, we are ready to admit that it is promising. Unfortunately his next poem, *Jasper Brooke*, which was published with the *Solitary*, is of the poorest kind. It opens with the following lines, of which Mr. Bell unluckily says that they show Whitehead to have had "a large command over the octosyllabic measure." What they do show is that his ear was radically deaf to the importance of contrasted rhymes:—

It was a dark and ancient room
In which old Jasper sat alone;
Within, the sun had never shone;
But Jasper was cheerful amid the gloom,
As a light that burneth in a tomb.

It is hardly too much to say that the man who wrote these lines could never have become a great poet.

Without abandoning verse, Charles Whitehead now attempted to excel in prose. In 1834 he published an *Autobiography of Jack Ketch*, a collection of ghastly criminal pleasantries; in 1836 he produced a play, *The Cavalier*, at the Haymarket Theatre; in 1836 he published *Some Passages in the Life of Francis Loosefish, Esq.*; and as late as 1842 he achieved a certain success with *Richard Savage*, an historical novel. From this time he sank lower and lower in the melancholy walks of journalism, became hopelessly enslaved by habits of intemperance, and at last, in 1857, left for Australia, in the hope of succeeding, at an advanced age and with a shattered constitution, as an emigrant. The effort was hopeless from the beginning. He struggled on for five years, barely subsisting by hackwork for the newspapers, and on the 5th of July, 1862, he died from the effects of destitution in the hospital at Melbourne. It is a very melancholy story, and it is not rendered less melancholy by the fact that his character and temperament appear to have made its *finale* inevitable from the first.

We search in vain through Mr. Bell's exhaustive account of Whitehead's prose writings for any justification of the praise that he gives them. These romances are of the most antiquated type, without a spark of real vitality. There was nothing more unhealthy or absurd than the class of criminal novels which Bulwer started with *Paul Clifford* in 1830, and *Eugene Aram* in 1831. *Jack Ketch* is the direct offspring of these romantic glorifications of domestic vice, without possessing anything of Bulwer's grace and fire. It cannot be compared, for instance, with a novel which appeared in the same year from the pen of Harrison Ainsworth, and yet *Rockwood* has scarcely kept its hold upon readers. When we turn to *Richard Savage*, in which Mr. Bell sees Charles Whitehead's highest effort in romance, we are introduced to an historical novel of the very worst class, in which there is no attempt to restore the temper and atmosphere of the age, where the antiquity, such as it is, is the antiquity of the year before last, and where no imaginative or creative force excuses the poverty of research. Mr. Bell seems to have no sense of the faded and exhausted condition of the characters he attempts to revive before us. He admits (Heaven save the mark!) that Whitehead is not

quite equal to Fielding, but asserts that he is at least equal to some of Fielding's immediate followers. This either means nothing or amounts to a claim for him by the side, for example, of the author of the *Adventures of a Guinea*. Such a claim no one will admit for a moment who has a just sense of the value of proportion in criticism. Johnstone was second-rate, but genuine; Whitehead is entirely spurious.

One affectation we cannot help pointing out in Mr. Bell's style, because it is a growing absurdity. We mean the show of cheap bibliographical research in and out of season. We have all respect for bibliography, in its right place, but we know nothing more absurd than bibliography dragged in by the heels. As an instance of what we mean, we quote a passage of Mr. Bell's:—

There are five English editions of Johnson's *Life of Savage* in the British Museum, and a French translation. The first of those editions is dated 1767, the last 1777. On looking carefully through the book, I find that, making all due allowance for the necessities of romance, Charles Whitehead, in delineating his ideal Richard Savage, has followed very closely the model of the real one.

There would be only one excuse for this bit of foppery—namely, that each of those five editions, and the French translation as well, gave independent evidence regarding the facts of Savage's life; but they happen to be all alike, and the statement is a mere obtrusion. If Mr. Bell had really desired to form an opinion on the truth of Whitehead's portraiture, he would not have examined six unauthoritative editions of a book published in 1744, but have compared one edition of this book with independent accounts of Savage, such as those published in 1724 and 1727. Mr. Bell's volume presents too many instances of this hollow pretence of editorial care.

THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS.*

IT is sometimes said that science has not sufficient place in modern naval architecture, and that professors of the art have not always the knowledge they ought to possess; but this certainly will not be the impression of those who read the twenty-fifth volume of the Transactions, which, according to custom, contains the papers read this year at the annual meeting of the Institution. Of these no less than eight relate to questions connected with stability, and six are of a highly scientific nature, being for the most part purely mathematical, and intended only for mathematical readers; nor could they be fitly noticed even in the most brief manner without the repetition of trains of mathematical reasoning and without the use of symbols and diagrams. It may be remarked, however, with regard to some of these papers that, as occasionally happens in modern investigation, the result does not seem to be so important as might be expected from the labour bestowed. This appears both in the papers and in the debates which followed the reading of certain of the treatises. Let us take, for instance, what is perhaps the most elaborate of them, one by a foreign writer disclosing a new method of ascertaining the stability of ships at all angles of inclination, which is illustrated by geometrical figures of the most terrifying kind, full of lines to which the projector gives the graceful name of "pantocareno-isocline." This received high praise from a distinguished man who is a Vice-President of the Institution; but, after greatly lauding it, he observed that the method of calculation hitherto employed in this country—that due to Mr. Barnes—was not, perhaps, destined to be superseded by it, and denied the superior accuracy which, by implication, was claimed for it, thus politely but clearly showing what its practical value was. Another very able member of the Institution, while also expressing great admiration for the paper, hinted that most of the results had been obtained before, and that the fundamental formula used had been long used by Admiralty designers, though in some respects novel results had been obtained. Another member, while admiring the paper as much as any one in the room, feared that "it was in an impracticable form to be applied in a general way to merchant shipping." The conclusion to be drawn is that, even with scientific naval architecture, there may be more show than substance, and that the members of the Institution are extremely courteous; possibly, also, that the tremendous term pantocareno-isocline was here a little beyond the necessities of the case.

Little or great, however, as may be the value of this and other scientific papers, and of two of a different nature relating to stability, they are, unavoidably, of interest only to the expert, or to those who have given some attention to naval architecture. One paper in the Transactions is, on the other hand, of interest to all, as it bears indirectly on the question of our naval strength, or rather naval weakness, to which public attention has at last been drawn, and on which, let us hope, it may continue to be fixed. This paper, which very appropriately is made the first in the volume, is a description by Mr. J. D'Aguilar Samuda of the *Riachuelo*, the armoured vessel which he constructed for the Brazilian Government, and his account of her is well worth attention now, as it shows what can be achieved in private yards, and as therefore some idea may be drawn from it of what could be done in this country in the event of its being thought necessary to increase the navy largely, and with as much haste as is consistent with good construction. In considering the statements respecting her it is, of course, necessary to remember that the builder is the writer, for the most honour-

* *A Forgotten Genius: Charles Whitehead. A Critical Monograph.* By H. T. Mackenzie Bell. London: Elliot Stock.

* *Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects.* Vol. XXV. London: Sotheran & Co.

able men often unconsciously exaggerate the value of their own productions; but it should, at the same time, be borne in mind that many of the facts to which he refers were verified by independent authority. The vessel of which he is naturally, and to all seeming very justly, proud is a steel, armour-clad, twin-screw turret-ship, of 6,100 tons displacement with her reserve coal on board, and with engines which are described as being of 6,000 horse-power, but which have developed 7,300 on one occasion. Her hull is entirely of steel, and she has a belt of compound armour seven feet deep protecting the water-line for 230 feet on either side. Two breastworks placed *en échelon* are protected by 10-inch compound armour, and the turrets which rise above them by plating of the same strength. Her armament consists of two 9-inch 20-ton breech-loading guns in each turret, six breech-loading 70-pounders on the upper deck, fifteen machine guns, and five torpedo guns. From both turrets fire right ahead and right astern can be maintained. Now this description certainly shows the *Riachuelo* to be a very formidable vessel, having great offensive and defensive strength for her size, and her builder states that she possesses "in speed, in coal endurance or power of steaming without re-coaling, advantages that have not, he believes, been previously attained." In what he says about her speed he certainly seems justified by the measured mile trial—*valeat quantum*—as at a displacement of 5,700 tons she made, with closed stokehole and forced draught, nearly seventeen knots on the mean of two runs—a greater speed, we believe, than had ever before been attained by an ironclad; and, so far as can be judged from the experiments reported, her coal consumption is remarkably small.

Making every allowance, then, for the rose-coloured results usually derived from trials, and for natural enthusiasm in description, there can be little doubt that the *Riachuelo* is a splendid war-ship. Mr. W. H. White, who understands ironclads if anybody does, spoke of her as "one of the most powerful, swift, best armoured, second-class ironclads afloat, perhaps the best." Now the vessel thus praised, and which certainly does seem to have most remarkable qualities, was built at a private yard, and built, armed—with breech-loaders, be it observed—and equipped, down to the minutest details, in three years. The fact of such excellent and comparatively rapid construction being possible is assuredly worth attention; and, without the slightest desire to depreciate the abilities of the Admiralty staff, who work under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty, may it not be fairly urged that what has been done in this case, and what was done in building that wonderful vessel the *Esmeralda*, show that our private yards might be more utilized, and, indeed, must be more utilized, if the navy is to be strengthened within any reasonable time? An indifferent ship complete is better than a good ship which will not be complete for twelve months or so; but what is to be said when the ship which is ready is quite as good as that which may or may not be fit for service at the end of a year? Such is the simple question which Mr. Samuda's excellent paper inevitably suggests to the reader. Of other papers of considerable interest in the present volume we cannot now speak owing to want of space, but we trust that we may be able to speak of them at a future time.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE essay which M. Büchner (a brother of Dr. Kraft-und-Stoff Büchner, who seems to have established himself in France for many years past) has published on his friend and schoolfellow, Léon Dumont, is one of those books which have an interest independent of their style, and not very closely connected with their immediate subject-matter (1). Léon Dumont, who died about seven years ago at the age of forty, appears to us to have been a rather less eminent person than his friend and biographer very excusably tries to make him out. He was a fair essayist, and a worker not without merit and accomplishment in some of the outlying and provincial branches of philosophy, such as aesthetics, sociology, &c. He seems to have been something of a prig when he was young, and his expressions about the war of 1870 are, to speak mildly, neither heroic nor patriotic, and suggest the reflection that, if many Frenchmen thought like him, it is not at all surprising that they got soundly beaten. But what is most noteworthy about him is that, having ample means, he succeeded in doing what appears to be increasingly rare and difficult in all civilized countries—that is to say, keeping at once out of professional life, out of politics, out of business, and out of mere idleness, and devoting himself to literature and philosophy of free will and with unshaken constancy. Perhaps in his case nothing very much came of the devotion, but still it existed as it very rarely does exist nowadays. There are some amusing details in the book, short as it is, especially an account (one of the most precise that we remember) of the horrors of being *embulozé*. One once more wonders how the tyrant ever got his slaves to bear his tyranny; for the average writer in the *Revue* never was a mere hack bound to submit to the whip or starve. The peculiar atrocity of the Buloz régime seems to have lain in the fact that the victim was made to torture himself. His consent to alterations and "editing" was not sufficient; he had to make the alterations and do the editing. Now there are at least some men of letters, quite patient of editorial discretion, who would plainly and flatly refuse to stand

this and would take themselves and their copy away. This is what, after rather surprising patience, Dumont himself did.

Rather a longer time than usual has, we think, passed since the appearance of the last of M. Karr's collections of articles on things in general and politics in particular, but perhaps we may have missed one. *La soupe au caillou* (2) resembles its forerunners very much as its forerunners resemble one another, except that it strikes us as rather better and fresher than some of them. The lion's paw (or, to speak in a less grandiose and more strictly appropriate manner, the wasp's sting) has by no means wholly lost its force. But, as before, the reader will probably wish that M. Karr would give us a little more of his reminiscences and his *bavardage*, which are always pleasant, and a little less of his political and social grumbling, which sometimes goes near to be thought a bore.

The Guide to Central Italy (that is to say, according to the old nomenclature, Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and the States of the Church), which has just appeared among the Guides-Joanne (3) has been, we are told, largely re-written by M. Paul Joanne, as well as revised by its original author, the late M. du Pays. As it appears at present, it recommends itself specially by what is perhaps the most valuable part of a guide—by what, indeed (not to speak disrespectfully of a useful class of book), might, with the addition of a few brief details as to hotels, &c., not disadvantageously replace nearly all the letterpress usually given:—that is to say, abundant plans of towns and places of interest. This volume contains no less than thirty-four such plates, including not merely street plans of towns, but plans of the principal galleries, museums, and churches. Thus in an important respect it has nothing to fear from comparison with any rival.

The author of *La Comtesse Natalia* (4) appears to be imitating the custom of those Steamboat Companies who advertise "Glen Lines," "Hall Lines," "Castle Lines," and so forth. She has, it would seem, started a "Countess Line" of novels—in fact, it might be called a Russian Countess Line. If we do not know all about Russian life, it will not be the fault of novelists, that is clear. The present book is of ordinary value. M. d'Osson has committed a no doubt unintentional breach of good manners in giving to his lunatic English heroine the title of Lady Clarendon. But it is not very difficult to excuse a foreigner for making a blunder, from which English novelists themselves are not always free. The title of his book (5) refers to the efforts of successive doctors to cure "Lady Clarendon's" mysterious mental ailment; but its story is complicated by other situations. It is not a first book, but it has some of the faults of one, such as defect of narrative, interest, and a tendency to talk instead of showing action.

We mention the translation of Count Tolstoi's *War and Peace* (6). But we honestly confess that we have not read it. It is in three volumes; each volume has nearly five hundred pages; and each page contains more than twice, if not three times, the amount of print usual in French novels. Such a book would not be bad to take on a voyage round the world; but, considering that it is a translation, a busy reviewer must be excused from undertaking the adventure of it in a weekly *compte-rendu*.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE wind, which has blown so many centenaries this way of late, has been propitious to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. It has given him an opening for a series of neat centenary editions, beginning with Luther, and now carried as far as Dr. Johnson. Considered as a description, the words "Centenary Edition" on the title-pages of these books are somewhat misleading. It is not an edition of the great man's works which we have in this series, but a little essay on his life and character, and then a handful of selections. Dr. Johnson: *his Life, Works, and Table Talk* (Fisher Unwin) is no exception. The volume begins with an essay introduced, at least, by Dr. James Macaulay, editor of the *Leisure Hour*. The writer, whoever he is, seems to be mainly impressed by the fact that Dr. Johnson is not much read nowadays, and starts off as follows:—"His name is indeed known, wherever the English language is spoken, as the author of the Dictionary; but his other works, whether in prose or verse, have not many readers in our days." Now, an editor might have at least paused to inquire whether this was wholly the fault of the author. On the subject of Dr. Johnson's character the writer of the essay indulges in exclamations of admiration of a slightly patronizing kind. We doubt whether Dr. Johnson would have quite liked being patted on the back, and being called "dear old Great Heart." Dr. Johnson's piety, which most of us have found so manly and simple, does not satisfy this editor. He finds it all tainted by "the spirit of legality," and thereupon launches out into a deal of gush of the usual Evangelical kind. The selections from the table talk at the end are few and not very characteristic. The *Political Memoranda of Francis, Fifth Duke of Leeds* (Camden Society), is just the sort of book which needs the protection of a Society. It is not interesting enough to make it

- (2) *La soupe au caillou*. Par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
- (3) *Guides-Joanne—Italie du centre*. Paris: Hachette.
- (4) *La Comtesse Natalia*. Par l'auteur de "La Comtesse Mourenine." Paris: Plon.
- (5) *Brelun de docteurs*. Par Charles d'Osson. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
- (6) *La guerre et la paix*. Par le Comte Léon Tolstoi. 3 tomes. Paris: Hachette.

(1) *Essai biographique sur Léon Dumont*. Par A. Büchner. Paris: Alcan.

worth any one's while to publish it as a speculation, and yet it deserves to be published. The fifth Duke of Leeds was a peer who did nothing in particular at a great time and in a great place. He left several notebooks full of jottings giving his view of the course of public affairs in England from 1774 onwards till the great revolutionary war was well begun. There is nothing new or brilliant or profound in these Memoranda. They are as dull as the memoirs of Sir John Resesby, but they are almost equally well worth reading. The great noble of George III.'s day and the Yorkshire country gentleman of James II.'s were both fairly good representatives of classes which have had a profound influence on this country. Both were dull men, but in other respects the Duke has the best of the comparison between them. Resesby seems to have been a brawler, and not overscrupulous in matters of money. The Duke cudgelled nobody, and if he was too greedy for a place, he had at least the grace to be ashamed of it and hold his tongue. His notes on political matters have the interest which must always attach to contemporary notices of such men as Pitt and Burke. They confirm what was known already of the profound influence of Pitt on everybody who came in contact with him. The Whig snarl of envy and spite which went on round Burke in his early career is gravely noted by the Duke—not for what it was worth, but as the natural indignation of honest gentlemen who saw their great Marquess falling under the influence of a rival. There is much in these notes about the important work of finding places for every big man's following, and there is not a little solemn talk about what seem very small matters at this distance of time. The Duke gravely tells how Her Majesty the Queen was much moved when he resigned his place as Chamberlain of her household. He reports that George III. was visibly disturbed when he resigned some other place of an ornamental kind. In short, he had a very dual notion of his own importance. For all that, however, when the reader comes to the end of the notes, he has, if he is a healthy-minded person, a considerable respect for Francis Godolphin Osborne, fifth Duke of Leeds, &c. He did not think that the end of Government was to find places for dukes; on the contrary, his theory seems to have been that dukes existed to supply the country with competent persons to govern. If he was a little pompous, and not over-wise, and too much under the influence of flatterers, still he did his best for his country according to his lights. Mr. Browning has edited the papers and supplied them with copious notes. We notice with sorrow that he speaks of an Emperor of "Austria" in 1784, which is another sad proof that Mr. Freeman has toiled in vain.

Dr. James Macaulay's *True Tales* (Hodder & Stoughton) is one more of the innumerable collection already existing of tales of adventure of various kinds. It includes military and naval heroes, missionaries, and scientific men. For ourselves, we never could understand what pleasure is to be got from reading these jejune narratives, which have all the air of having been compiled from biographical dictionaries and paragraphs in newspapers. Some class of boys must enjoy them obviously, for they are continually appearing, and that in a form which shows a reasonable security of sale on the part of the publisher.

Mr. Treloar's *Prince of Palms* (Sampson Low) is a reprint of a pamphlet published by his father some forty years ago. "I have endeavoured," says Mr. Treloar, "to enlarge upon this work of his, as I have also endeavoured to enlarge the business which he founded." The book is rather gushing in style, but it is not uninteresting, and is well illustrated.

We can do no more than call the attention of the amateur electrician to the fact that Mr. S. R. Bottone has published a handbook on *The Dynamo: how Made and how Used* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) The amateur photographer, who seems to be extraordinarily well looked after in a literary way, is supplied with a new handbook, *The A B C of Modern (Dry Plate) Photography* (London: Stereoscopic and Photographic Co.)

We have also to notice that a very useful card of directions for the use of disinfectants, drawn up by Mr. E. T. Wilson, is published by Mr. H. K. Lewis, of 136 Gower Street.

"Hessfeld's New Method" for learning Spanish (Society for Promoting the Knowledge of Foreign Languages), at least as applied by Don Tomas Enrique Gurin, is our old friend Ollendorff at a less tedious length. On the other hand, the sentences given for practice in conversation are, if anything, rather more absurd.

Under the heading of new editions we have to mention only an expurgated reprint of Fuller's *Holy and Profane States*, and a volume of selections from the works of Jeremy Taylor (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) Mr. L. Upcott Gill publishes his second series of *Tricycles of the Year 1884*.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d., or \$7 39, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. WILLIAM BOYCE, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

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Guy's Hospital, London, S.E., July 1884.

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TWO ENTRANCE SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS, of £100 and £200 respectively, open to all first-year Students, will be offered for competition. The Examination will be held on October 6, 7, and 8, and the subjects will be Chemistry and Physics, with either Botany or Zoology, at the option of Candidates.

Special Classes are held throughout the year for the "PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC" and "INTERMEDIATE M.B." Examinations of the UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

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The Fees may be paid in one sum or by instalments. Entries may be made to Lectures or to Hospital Practice, and special arrangements are made for Students entering into their second or subsequent years; also for Dental Students and for Qualified Practitioners.

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Prospectuses and all particulars may be obtained from the Medical Secretary, Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL.

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TO BUILDERS and Others.—The COMMISSIONERS of the SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, October 21, 1884, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive TENDERS for the CONSTRUCTION of NEW SEWERS, GULLIES, &c., in Eastcheap, agreeably to plans to be seen at the Office of the Engineer to the Commissioners in the Guildhall, where copies of the Specification and printed Forms of Tender may be obtained on application.

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1899	29	600	604	1,204	101 11 10	747 10 0	1,209 0 0
1894	31	600	650	1,250	16 5 8	832 18 0	1,137 0 0
1890	43	250	284	534	94 14 8	357 0 0	453 0 0
1890	30	1,000	544	1,544	84 15 5	1,061 10 0	1,621 0 0
1894	40	1,000	951	1,951	79 11 8	1,335 13 0	1,789 0 0
1890	30	1,000	989	1,989	77 16 10	1,458 10 0	1,904 0 0
1890	45	2,000	1,716	3,716	68 6 5	2,758 0 0	3,152 0 0
1890	30	500	367	867	68 19 0	520 0 0	565 0 0
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1894	25	100	180	280	61 12 9	210 0 0	252 0 0
1890	51	5,000	3,123	8,123	45 15 5	4,367 16 0	6,132 0 0
1890	39	1,000	360	1,360	49 17 5	909 0 0	889 0 0
1894	52	1,000	370	1,370	39 0 5	506 8 0	871 0 0
1890	36	500	124	624	47 2 10	365 8 0	326 0 0
1890	45	4,000	826	4,826	40 13 10	1,237 14 0	2,278 0 0
1890	30	4,000	687	4,687	31 15 0	715 10 0	1,263 0 0
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